

MARVEL

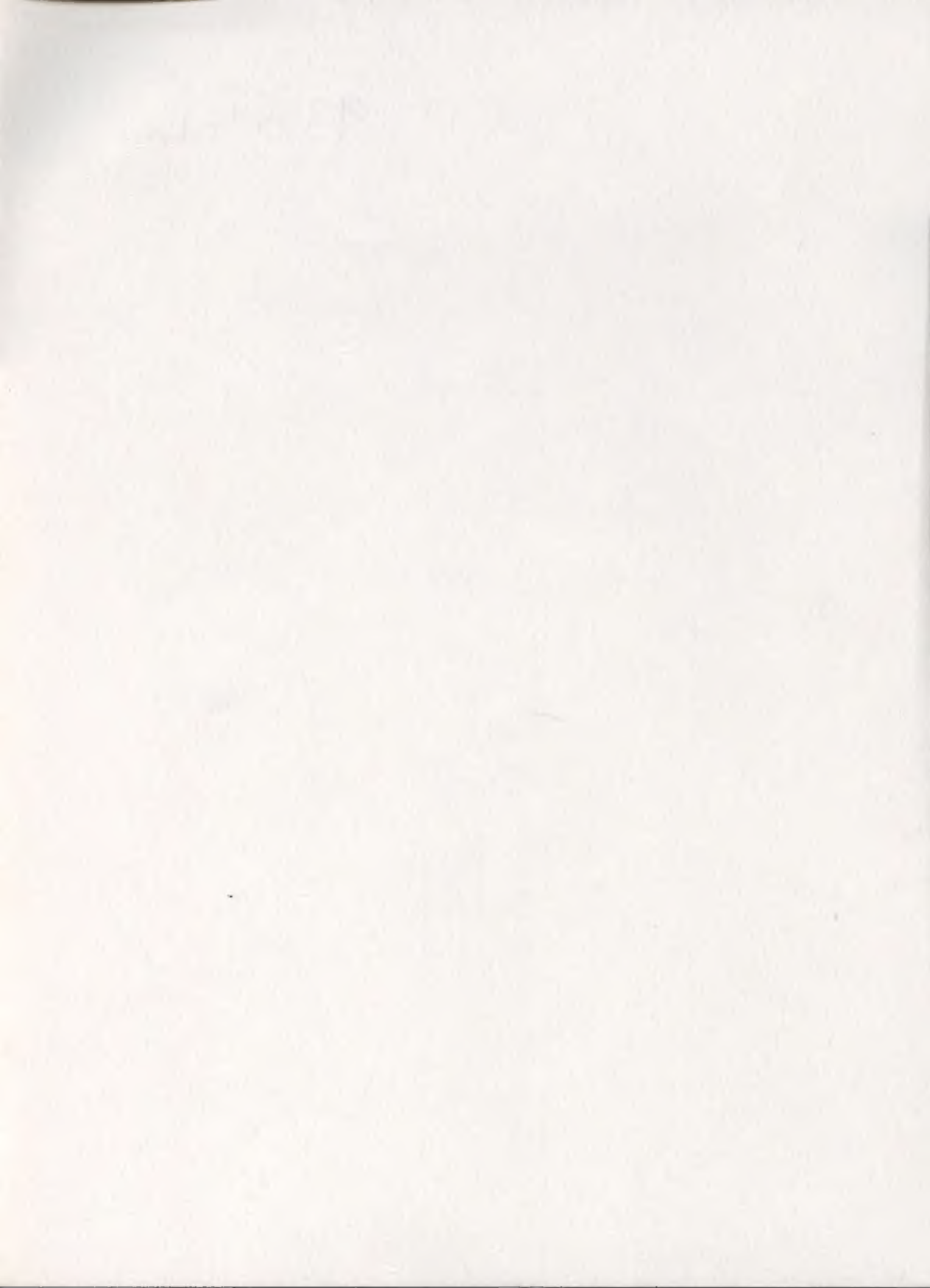
1985 SUMMER SPECIAL CLASSIC

DOCTOR WHO



£1.20 US \$3.95
CAN \$5.95







**HAIL
CAESAR!**

**HAIL
CAESAR!**

OH,
YOU'RE TOO
KIND... BUT I'M
JUST-- **THE
DOCTOR!**

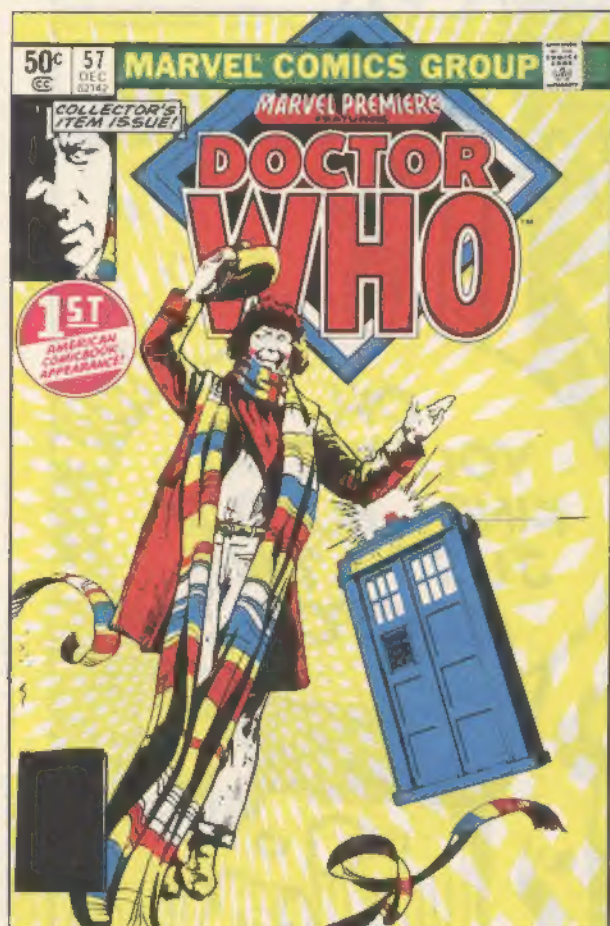
TIME LOOPS

Deja Vu. Not an unfamiliar experience for the Doctor or his devotees. And that's why I've called you here for another audience with the Time Lord that really started the Marvel ball rolling... way back in 1979, when the Doctor's current monthly magazine was but a winsome weekly. The Doctor was, of course, the Tom Baker incarnation, whose offbeat adventures and eccentric style assured him the status of the longest-running regeneration in the TV series.

Marvel's contribution to the *Doctor Who* mythos began with the comic strip scripted by Pat Mills and drawn by Dave Gibbons. The story, *The Iron Legion*, set the standard for the future, and the *Doctor Who* comic strip became one of the most popular home-grown endeavours from Marvel UK. It's not especially difficult to see why. Pat Mills caught the irreverent tone and ironic banter of the Doctor perfectly, and Dave Gibbons' dynamic, panoramic artwork produced spectacles on a scale undreamt of by the TV series.

So now we've come full circle. And in the tradition of prime-time TV repeats, we are re-presenting, chronologically, the serialised *Doctor Who* comic strip, in full colour and featuring complete stories in a glossy new package. As a bonus, Dave Gibbons has designed a new cover which has been, I'm sure you'll agree, beautifully finished by John Higgins. For those who missed the American version of *The Iron Legion*, we've presented the covers below.

More *Deja Who*? Well, that all depends on you. Write and let us know what you think.



Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

DOCTOR WHO

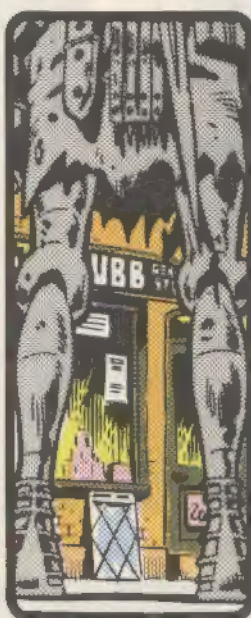
AND THE IRON LEGION

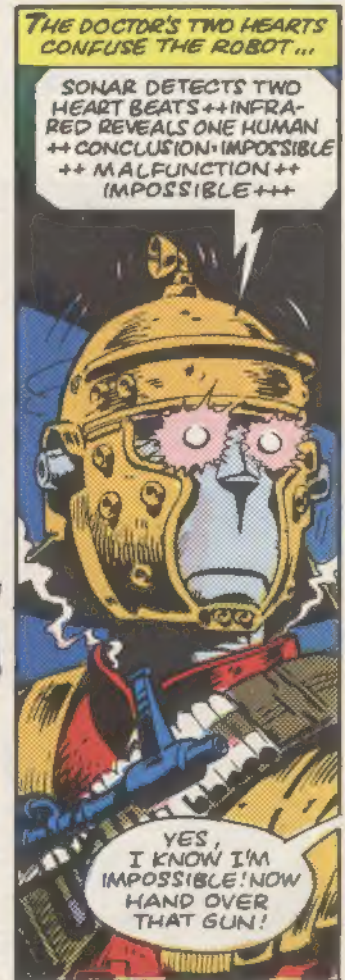
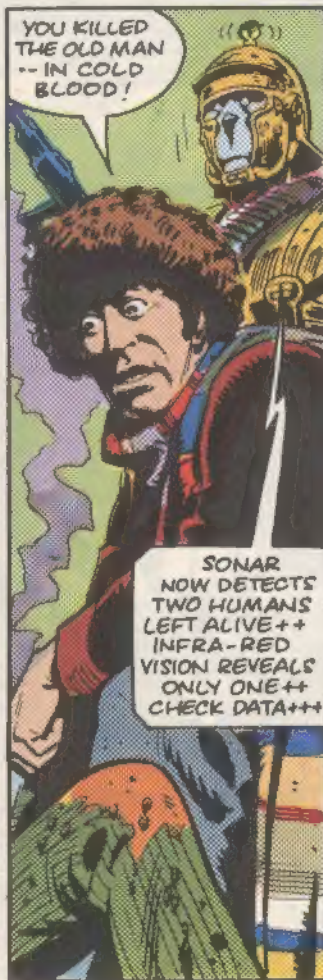
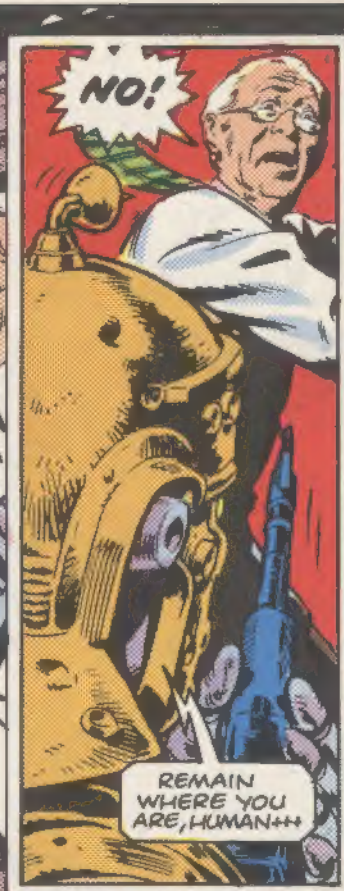
THEY FOUGHT THEIR WAY
ACROSS A THOUSAND PLANETS
--ROBOT VETERANS OF THE
ETERNAL WAR--DESTROYING,
WITH RUTHLESS DISCIPLINE, ALL
WHO STOOD IN THEIR WAY!

AND NOW, THE PEACEFUL TRANQUILITY OF
THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE IS RUDELY
SHATTERED AS THEY APPEAR--AS IF FROM
NOWHERE--BRUTALLY DRAGGING PEOPLE OUT
AND RAZING THEIR HOUSES TO THE GROUND!

AND YET...FOR ALL THE
ROBOTS' STRANGENESS,
THERE IS SOMETHING...
GRIMLY FAMILIAR
ABOUT THEM!

WRITER: PAT MILLS / ARTIST: DAVE GIBBONS / COLOUR: YANCHUS







TWO
HUMANS++ONE
HUMAN++MAL-
FUNCTION++MUST
DESTROY++
IMPOSSIBLE++
SMASH++

YES, YES,
WE DON'T WANT
ANY MORE OF THAT
NONSENSE. LET'S GET
YOUR HEAD OFF, SHALL
WE? BEFORE YOU
BLOW A FUSE!



ABSOLUTELY
FASCINATING... "FIRST COHORT
OF THE NINTH
LEGION"!



WE ARE
READY TO
ACTIVATE THE
DIMENSION DUCT,
CENTURION++

WE MUST WAIT
FOR GENERAL IRONICUS++
HE IS IN COMMUNION
WITH THE GODS++



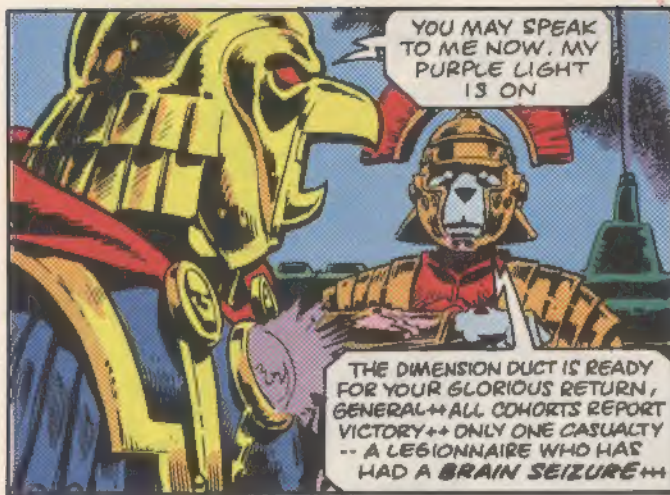
INSIDE THE BALLISTA...

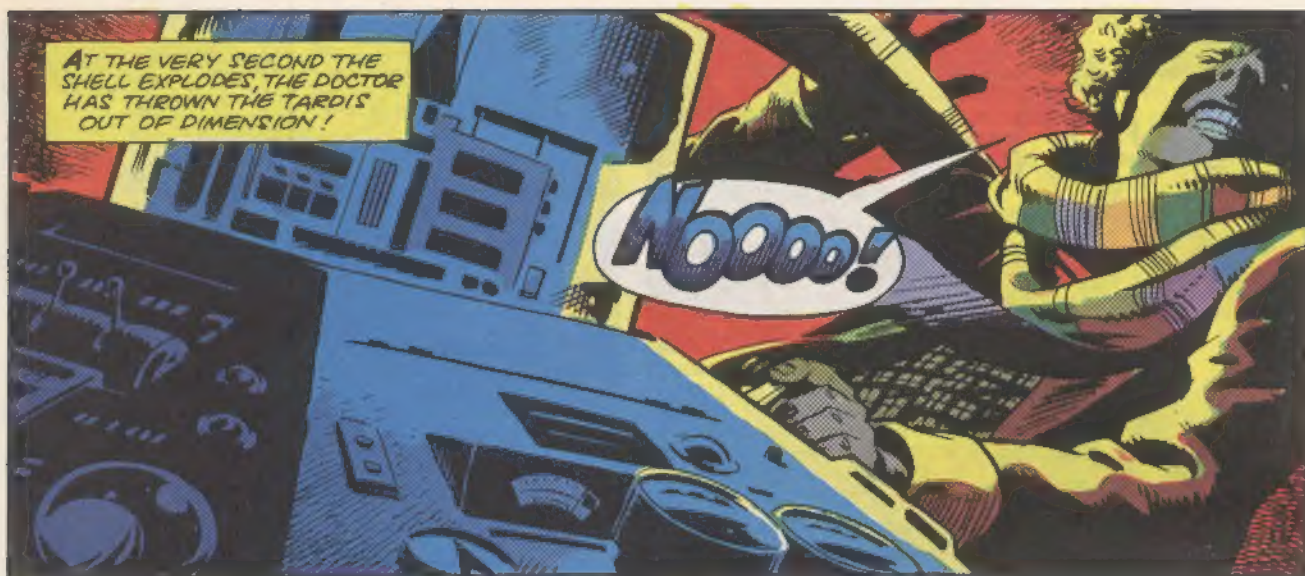
OH, GODS... HOW I
LOVE WAR.
LET THERE NEVER BE AN
END TO MY CONQUESTS.
LET MY IRON LEGION
MARCH FOREVER
FOR ONLY THROUGH
DESTRUCTION AM I ALIVE.
AND WITHOUT DEATH, I
AM A DEAD THING.

OH, GODS...
LET THE ETERNAL
WAR THAT HAS LASTED
THROUGH THE MILLENNIA
CONTINUE... UNTIL
THE END OF
TIME!

THE GODS HAVE
LOOKED UPON WHAT
YOU HAVE DONE,
IRONICUS, AND
FOUND IT... EVIL!

GO IN
DARKNESS,
MY SON.





AT THE VERY SECOND THE SHELL EXPLODES, THE DOCTOR HAS THROWN THE TARDIS OUT OF DIMENSION!

Noooo!

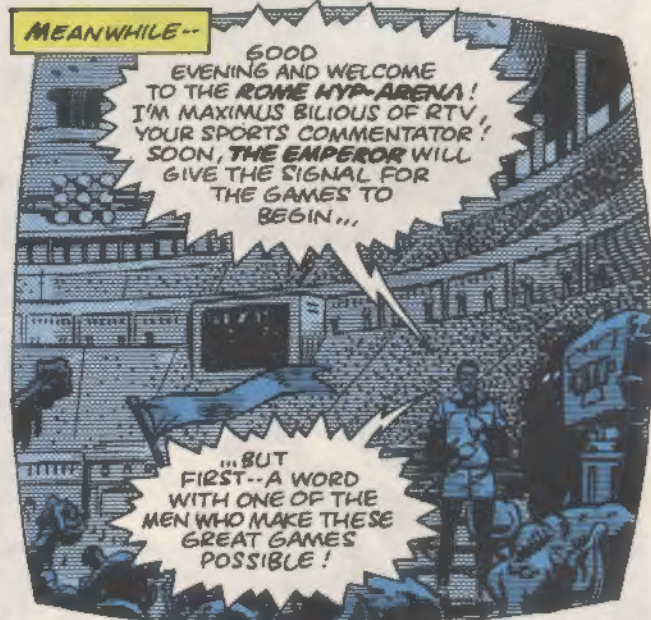


MINUTES LATER--

SORRY ABOUT THAT, OLD GIRL... IT DIDN'T GO DOWN VERY WELL WITH ME, EITHER...



...WE SEEM TO BE CAUGHT IN SOME KIND OF DIMENSIONAL DISTURBANCE!



MEANWHILE--

GOOD EVENING AND WELCOME TO THE **ROME HYP-ARENA**! I'M MAXIMUS BILIOUS OF RTV, YOUR SPORTS COMMENTATOR! SOON, THE **EMPEROR** WILL GIVE THE SIGNAL FOR THE GAMES TO BEGIN...

...BUT FIRST--A WORD WITH ONE OF THE MEN WHO MAKE THESE GREAT GAMES POSSIBLE!



THIS IS **BARBARIUS**, KEEPER OF THE MONSTERS. HOW ARE THINGS LOOKING, BARB? MONSTERS IN GOOD FORM?

UH, GREAT, MAX. THE **ZARKS** HAVE BEEN ON BREAD AND WATER FOR A WEEK AND THEY'RE FIGHTING FIT! WE'VE GOT SOME FIRST-RATE KILLER **KRONKS** FROM THE CRAB NEBULA, ALL EARTH-TRAINED.



AND WHAT ABOUT THE **ECTOSLIME**, BARB? I'VE HEARD THERE'S BEEN SOME TENTACLE TROUBLE THERE...

NO, MAX, THEY'RE IN TOP SHAPE. THERE'LL BE SOME FUN IN THE ARENA WHEN THE **ECTOSLIME** COMES IN!



GOOD TO HEAR, BARB! THERE ARE SOME BIG SESTERCES RESTING ON THE **SLIME**...

...AND NOW, A **NEWS-FLASH**!



GENERAL IRONICUS AND HIS IRON LEGION ARE RETURNING IN TRIUMPH FROM THEIR LATEST CONQUESTS--THROUGH THE DIMENSION DUCT! THE CROWDS ARE SURGING FORWARD TO SEE CAESAR'S RIGHT-HAND ROBOT!



NOW GENERAL IRONICUS HAS ENTERED THE ARENA AND IS TAKING HIS PLACE IN THE IMPERIAL BOX AND...YES... YES...

I HEAR, CITIZENS, THAT THE EMPEROR IS READY TO ENTER...WE'RE TAKING YOU OVER THERE...



AND HERE HE COMES... THE EMPEROR ADOLPHUS CAESAR! RULER OF THE EARTH! MASTER OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM AND THE GALAXY BEYOND!



HAIL CAESAR!

HAIL CAESAR!

OH, YOU'RE TOO KIND... BUT I'M JUST-- THE DOCTOR!



TAKE HIM!



SOME CONFUSION IN THE IMPERIAL BOX, CITIZENS... WAIT! HERE COMES THE EMPEROR NOW!

VRMMM! BLAMM! ANOTHER PLANET WIPED OUT!



I AM THE EMPEROR ADOLPHUS AND I CAN DO WHAT I WANT!

OF COURSE YOU CAN, CHILD BUT IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO OPEN THE GAMES!



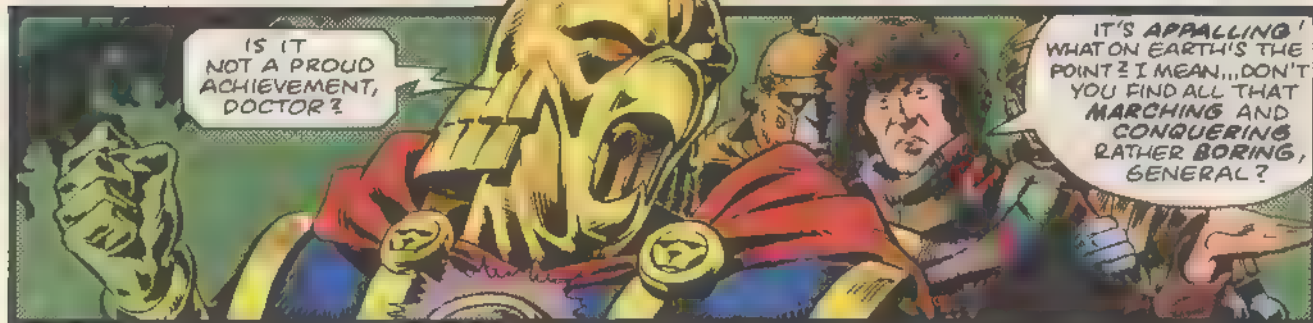
OH, VERY WELL! I DECLARE THESE STUPID GAMES OPEN!

AVE, CAESAR! MORITURI TE SALUTANT!



THE DOCTOR REALIZES THE TRUTH--

AN ALTERNATIVE EARTH WHERE ROME NEVER FELL...! BUT, INSTEAD, DEVELOPED A SOPHISTICATED TECHNOLOGY AND-- WITH ITS ROBOT LEGIONS-- CONQUERED THE ENTIRE GALAXY!



IS IT NOT A PROUD ACHIEVEMENT, DOCTOR?

IT'S APPALLING! WHAT ON EARTH'S THE POINT? I MEAN...DON'T YOU FIND ALL THAT MARCHING AND CONQUERING RATHER BORING, GENERAL?



NO.



AND THE CARNAGE OF THE ARENA?

IT KEEPS THE MOB AMUSED!





PUT YOUR GAS-MASKS ON, CITIZENS! IT'S YOUR FAVORITE AND MINE... **THE ECTOSLIME!** WILL THE DOCTOR BE ITS **EXXIV** VICTIM OF THE SEASON?



AS 'ECY' FANS KNOW, THE MONSTER STUNS ITS VICTIMS WITH ITS **ODOUR** BEFORE LIQUEFYING AND DRINKING THEM!

>GASP! THAT SMELL!



DO YOU MIND IF I BORROW YOUR TOASTING FORK?



NOW THE ECTOSLIME IS MOVING IN FOR THE KILL!

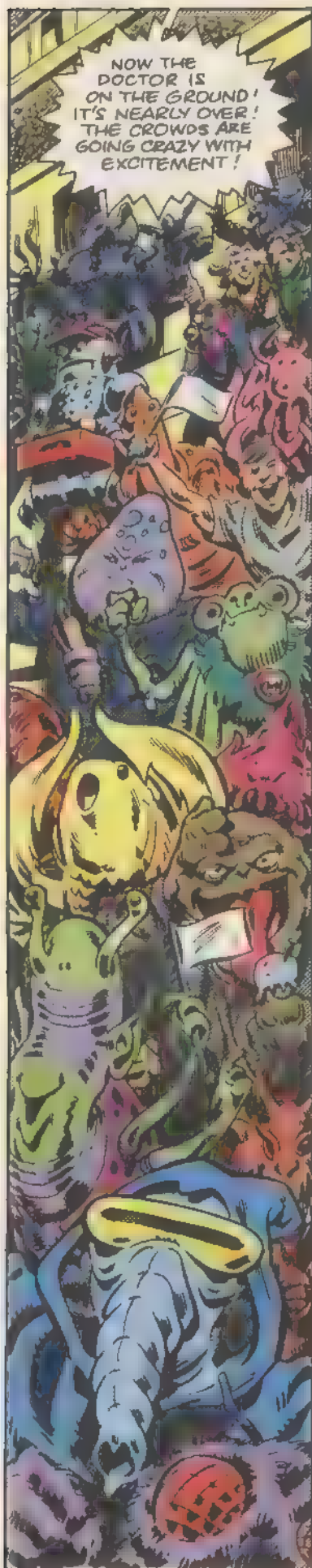
MAYBE I'VE COME ACROSS THIS CREATURE BEFORE... PERHAPS IT'S GOT SOME WEAKNESS...



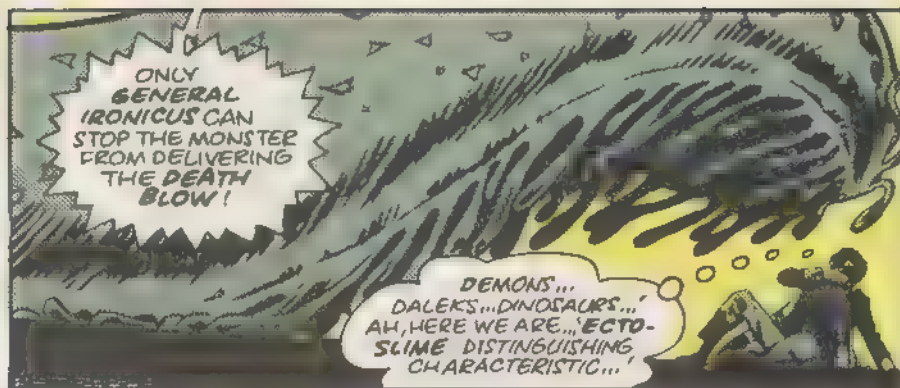
MUST GO THROUGH MY MEMORY FILES! LET'S SEE... 'ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN', 'AUTONS', 'AKOS'...



THE DOCTOR IS DEFENDING HIMSELF... BUT A TRIDENT IS LITTLE USE AGAINST THE SLIMY WONDER!

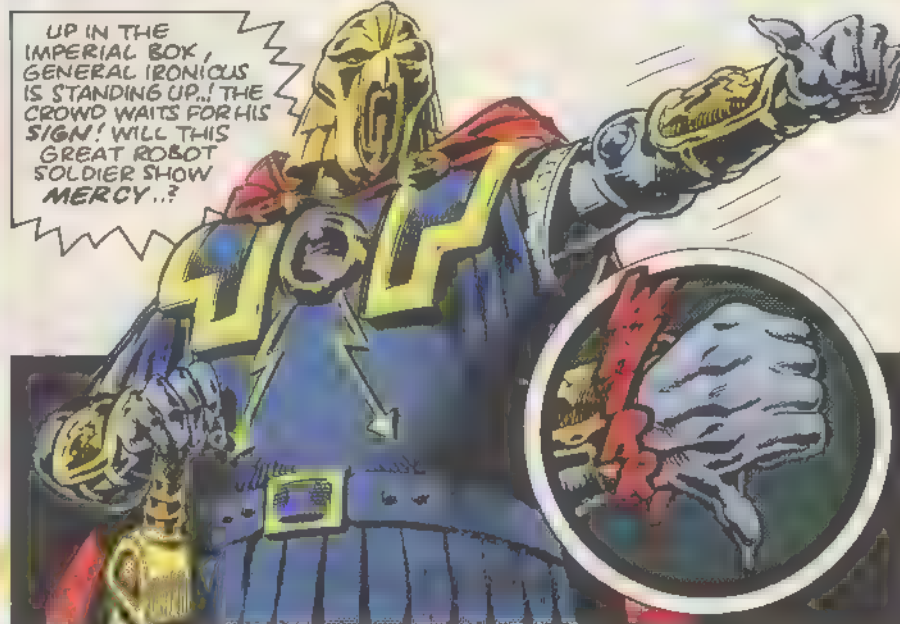


NOW THE DOCTOR IS ON THE GROUND! IT'S NEARLY OVER! THE CROWDS ARE GOING CRAZY WITH EXCITEMENT!



ONLY GENERAL IRONICUS CAN STOP THE MONSTER FROM DELIVERING THE DEATH BLOW!

DEMONS... DALEKS... DINOSAURS... AH, HERE WE ARE... 'ECTO-SLIME' DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC...



UP IN THE IMPERIAL BOX, GENERAL IRONICUS IS STANDING UP! THE CROWD WAITS FOR HIS SIGN! WILL THIS GREAT ROBOT SOLDIER SHOW MERCY..?



NO!... AND SO, ECCY CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM, AND... WAIT! SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING... THE DOCTOR IS SPEAKING TO THE ECTOSLIME IN AN ALIEN TONGUE AND THE MONSTER IS STARTING TO VIBRATE..

0000 01
Δ/00 000
11-000 Δ00/0?
00Δ/0 0Δ1
000/Δ 000Δ
00 . 00Δ
00011Δ!



I'M SORRY HUMANS COULDN'T APPRECIATE IT... BUT IT WAS A VERY ALIEN JOKE! THAT'S THE THING ABOUT ECTO-SLIME... THEY HAVE A HIGHLY DEVELOPED SENSE OF HUMOR!

...IT'S NATURE'S WAY OF MAKING UP FOR THEIR APPEARANCE!



BRING ME THE DOCTOR!



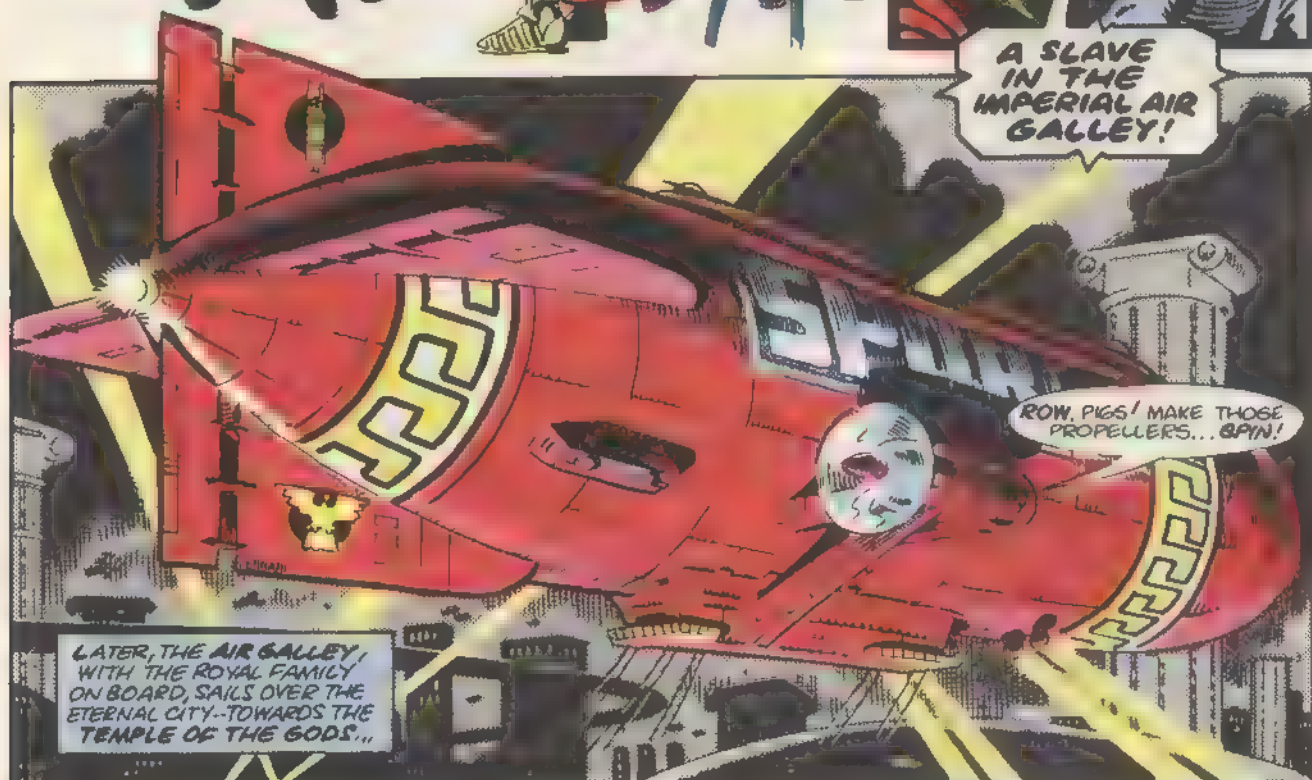
I'LL TRY AND TRANSLATE THE JOKE IF YOU LIKE, IRONICUS YOU SEE, THESE THREE ALIENS WALK INTO A BAR AND THE FIRST ALIEN SAYS...

SILENCE! YOU MAY NOT SPEAK TO ME! MY LIGHT IS NOT ON!

AH, YOU'VE HEARD IT BEFORE!



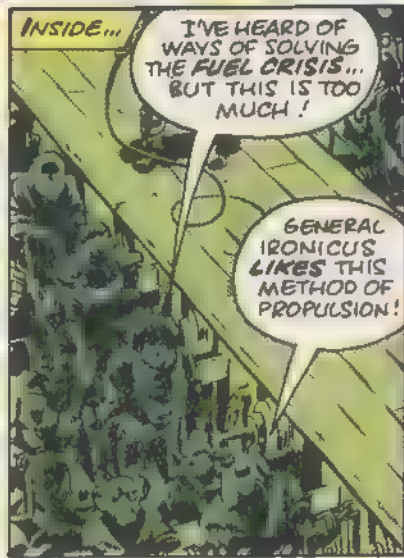
YOU HAVE MOCKED ME FOR THE LAST TIME, DOCTOR! WE SHALL SEE WHETHER YOU CAN REMAIN SMILING AS...



A SLAVE IN THE IMPERIAL AIR GALLEY!

ROW, PIGS! MAKE THOSE PROPELLERS... SPIN!

LATER, THE AIR GALLEY, WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY ON BOARD, SAILS OVER THE ETERNAL CITY-TOWARDS THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS...



INSIDE...

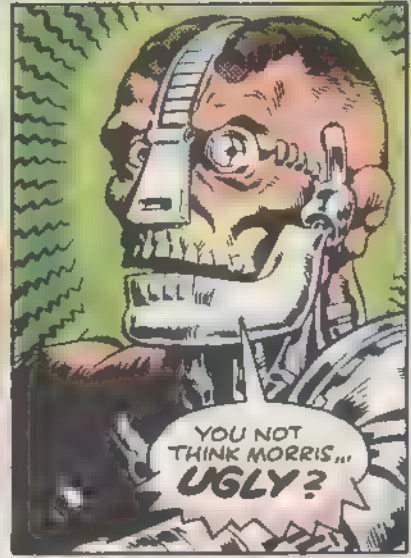
I'VE HEARD OF WAYS OF SOLVING THE FUEL CRISIS... BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!

GENERAL IRONICUS LIKES THIS METHOD OF PROPULSION!

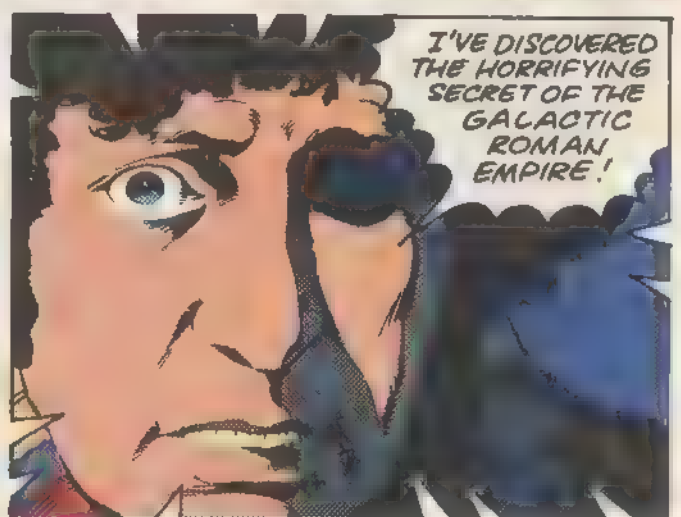
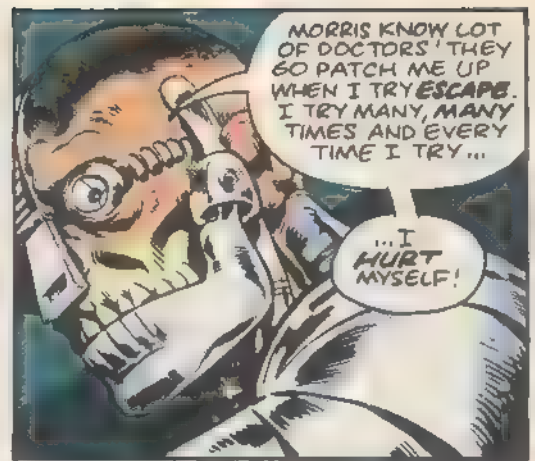
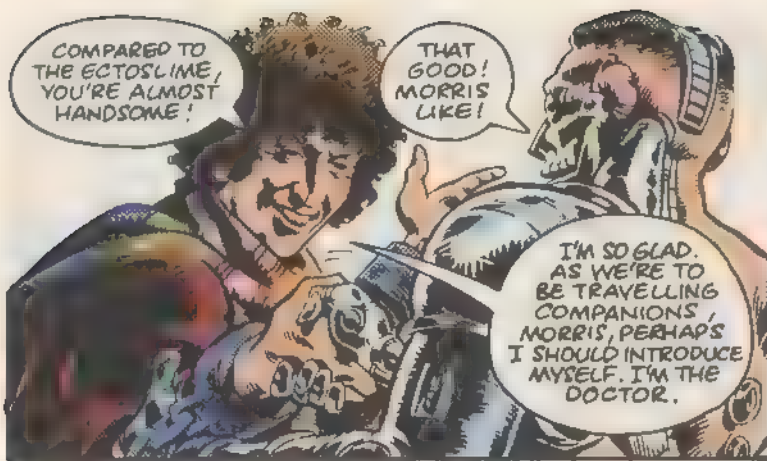


HOW COME YOU NOT AFRAID OF ME? OTHER SLAVES AFRAID OF MORRIS! OVERSEER AFRAID OF MORRIS! EVERYONE AFRAID OF MORRIS!

MY DEAR CHAP, WHY ON EARTH SHOULD I BE AFRAID?



YOU NOT THINK MORRIS... UGLY?



THE IMPERIAL AIR-
GALLEY ENTERS THE
TEMPLE
OF THE GODS!

IT'S MORE
THAN A TEMPLE
...IT'S AN ALIEN
SPACE-SHIP!

WHAT UP,
DOC? YOU CAN
TELL MORRIS.
MORRIS IS
YOUR PAL!

MY MIND'S
IN THREE PLACES AT
ONCE, MORRIS. WE MUST
ESCAPE--WHILE
THEY'RE BUSY
DOCKING!

YOU BETCHA,
DOC! MORRIS
NOT ESCAPED
FOR A COUPLE
O' WEEKS!

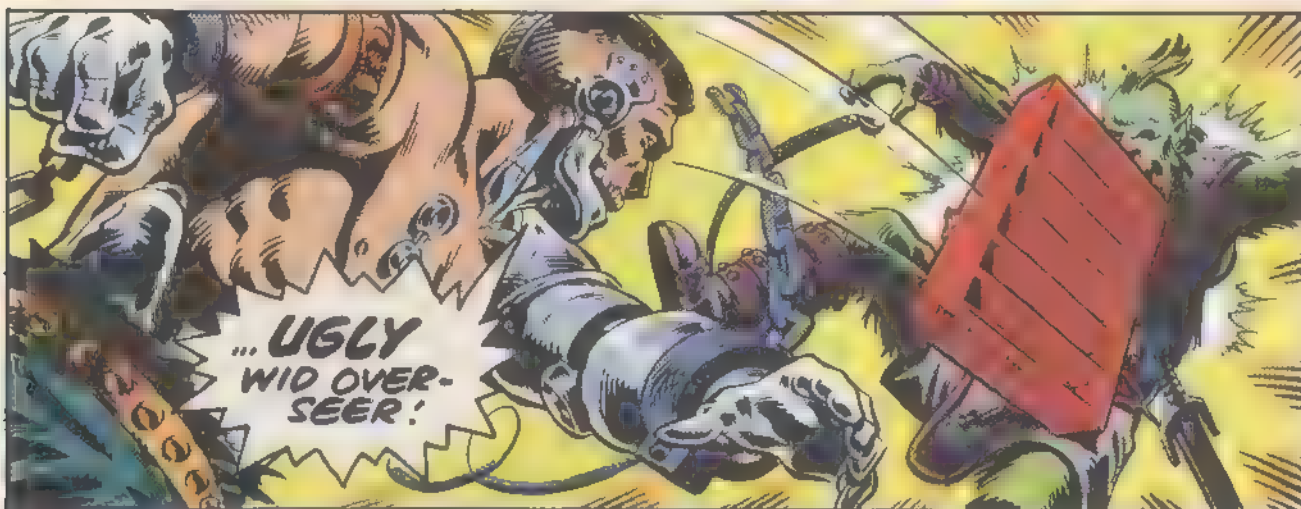
WILL YOUR
BIONIC ARM
BREAK THESE
CHAINS?

YEHNN! MORRIS
USED TO BE GLADIATOR
--UNTIL THEY IMPRISON
HIM FOR 'SOUPING-UP'
HIS BIONIC ARM
CIRCUITS!

WATCH!

YES,
I SEE
WHAT YOU
MEAN!

NOW
MORRIS GO
GET ...



...UGLY
WID OVER-
SEER!



COME
ON!



LOOK OUT,
DOC!! BELOW US
--THE ALIEN
GUARD! PROTECTORS
OF THE TEMPLE!

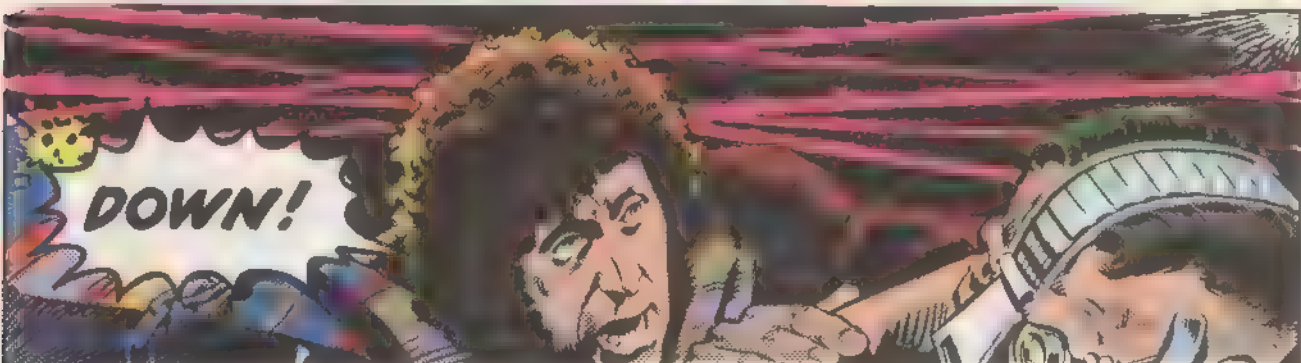


KEEP GOING...
THEY WON'T FIRE
FOR FEAR OF HITTING
THE IMPERIAL AIR
GALLEY!

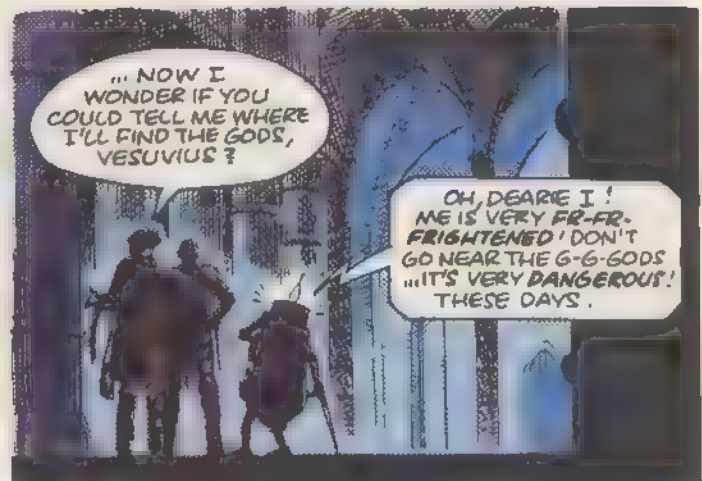
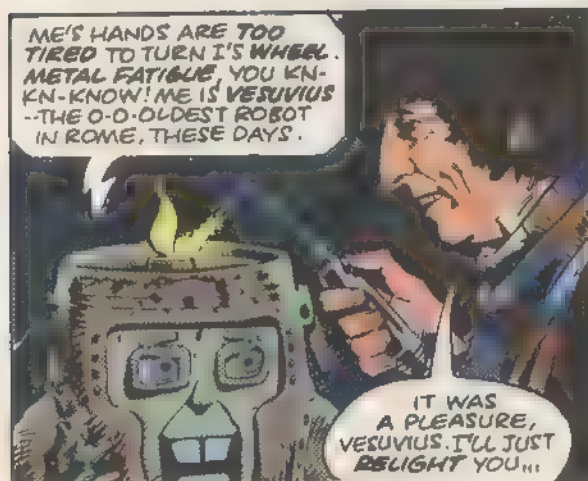
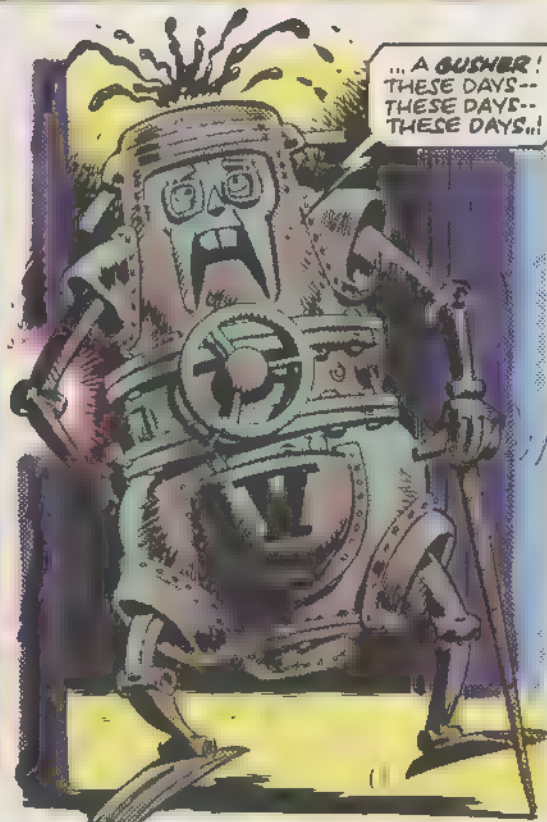
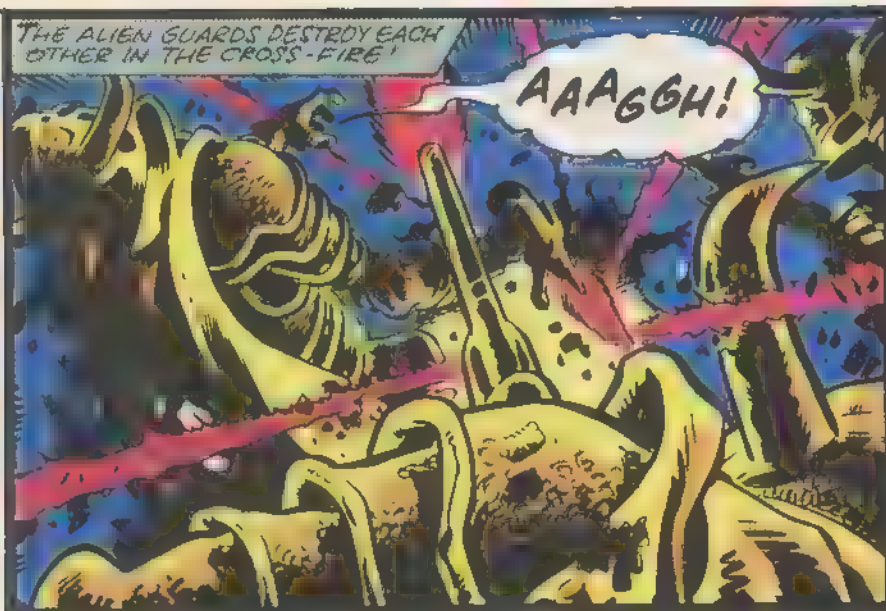


NOW--
SHOOT...!
SHOOT TO
KILL!

MORE
ALIEN
GUARDS UP
AHEAD..



DOWN!



BUT I MUST!
I'VE GOT TO
KNOW THE
TRUTH!

A-A-ALL RIGHT--
FOLLOW I... BUT BE
CAREFUL G-G-GODS
DO WICKED THINGS.
ME MIGHT HAVE
ANOTHER GUSHER!
THESE DAYS

OH, DEARIE
I... L-L-
LOOK!

O GODS... NOW THAT ROME
HAS GONE ON TO CONQUER
ALL DIMENSIONS IN YOUR
NAME I HAVE PREPARED
SOME HUMAN SACRIFICES
FOR YOUR FAVOUR. ALL
HAIL THE ETERNAL WAR...
EMPIRE WITHOUT END!

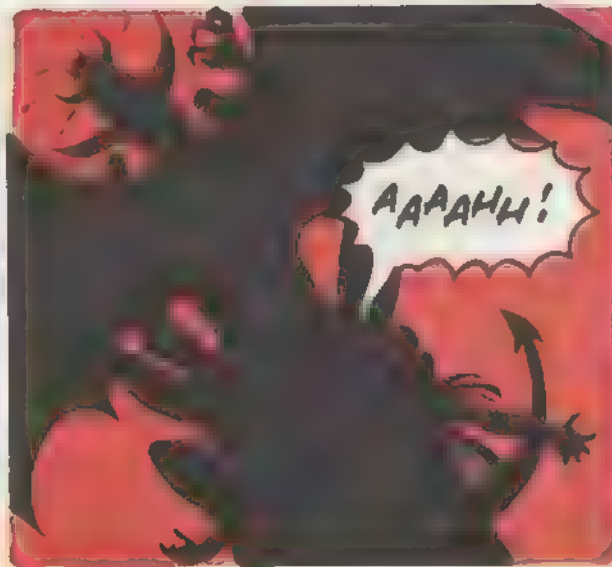
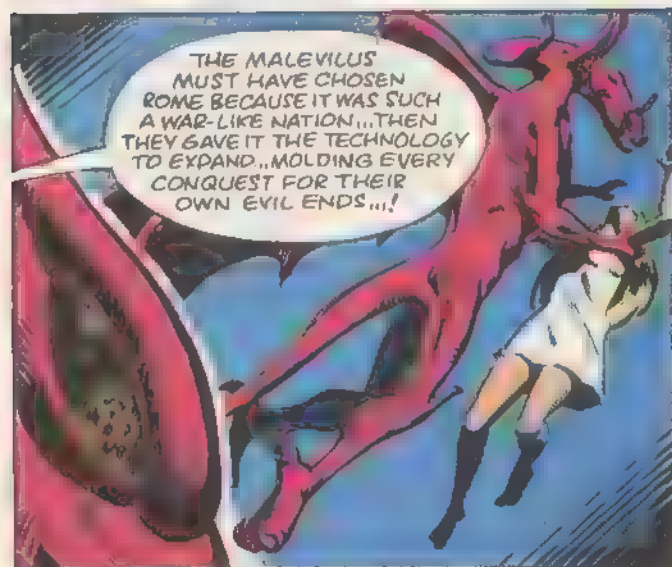
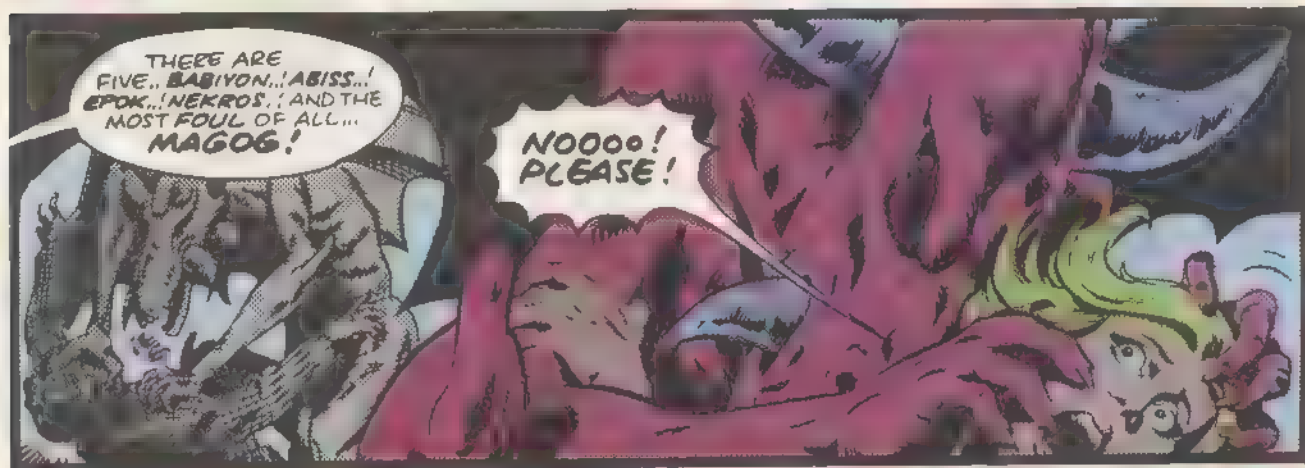
POOH!
GODS NOT
FRIGHTEN MORRIS.
THEY JUST
STATUE!

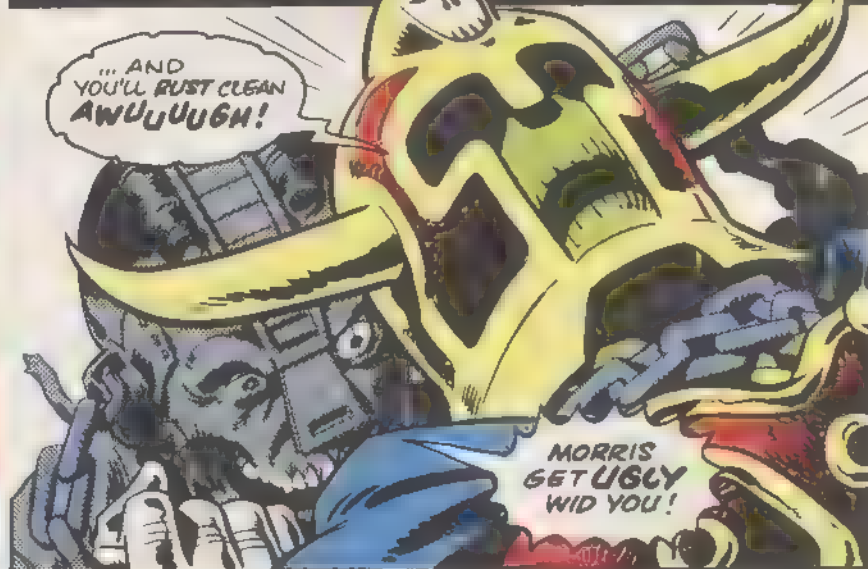
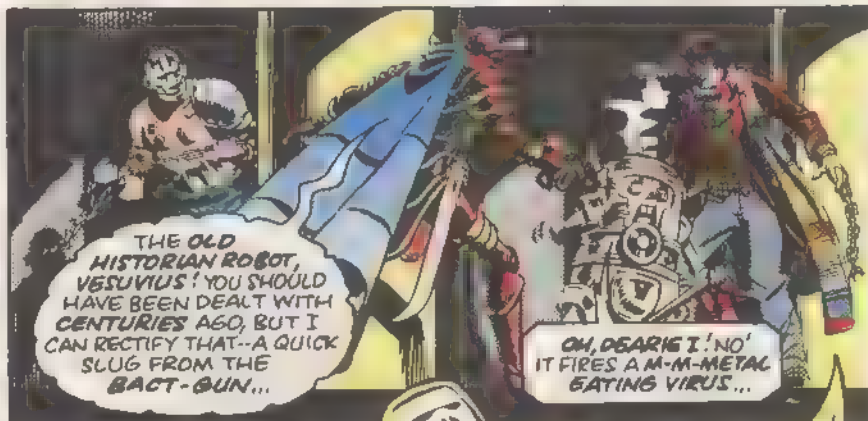
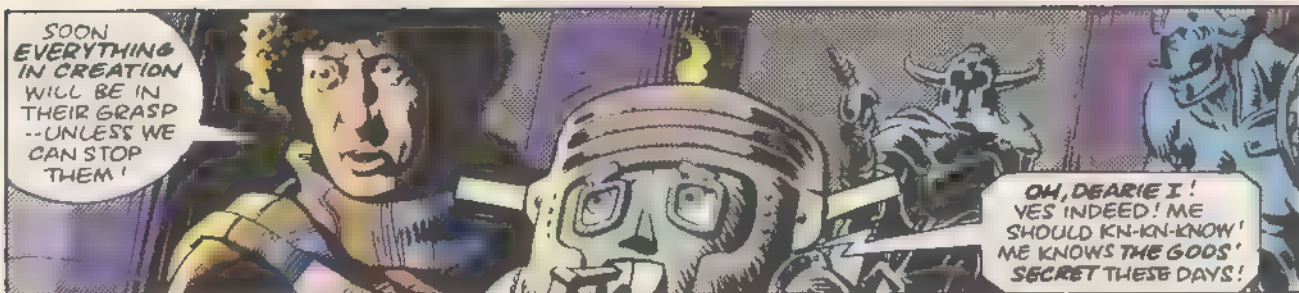
WAIT...

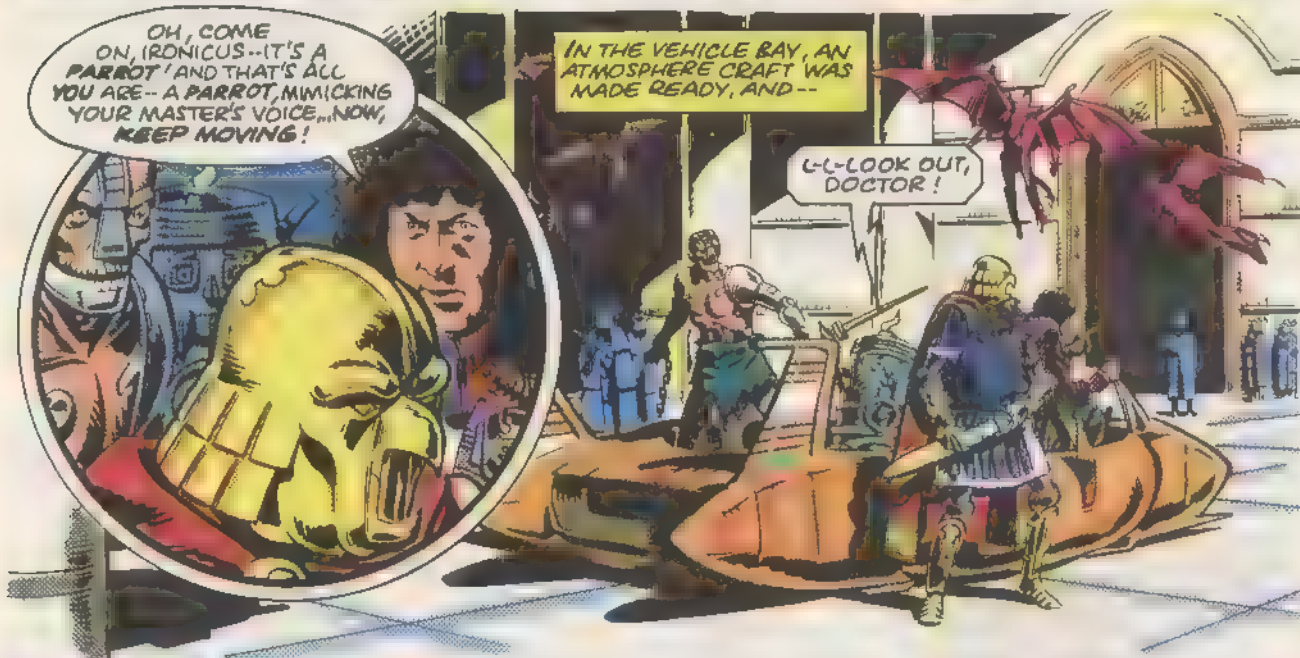
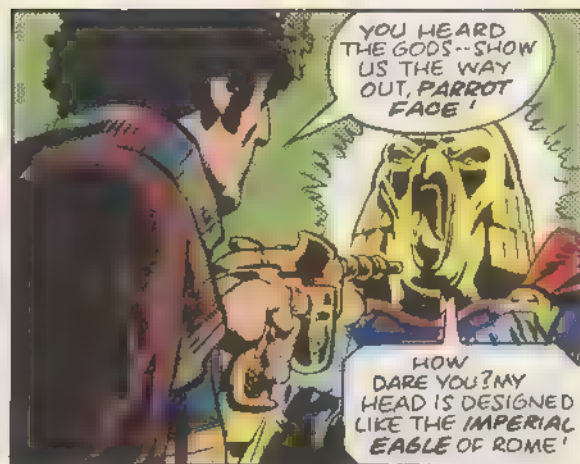
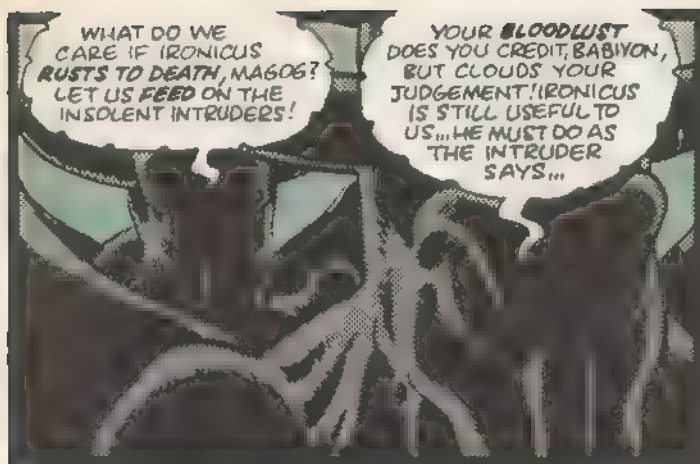
...THE
STATUES ARE
STARTING TO
MOVE!

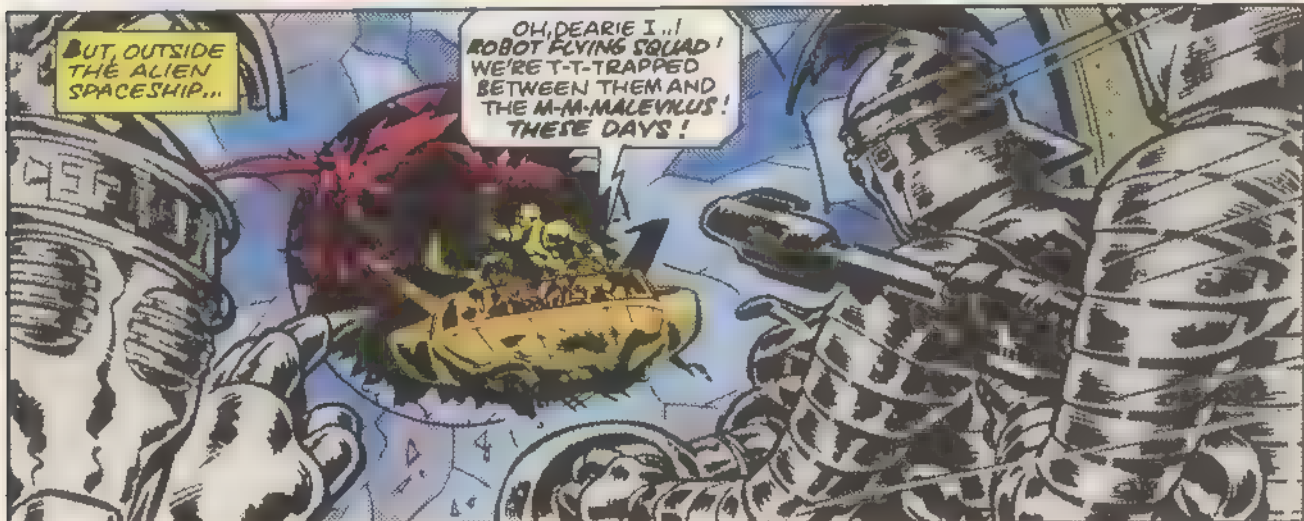
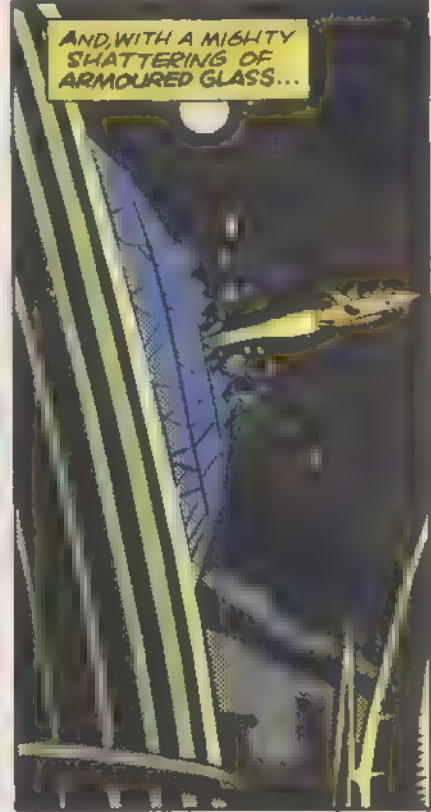
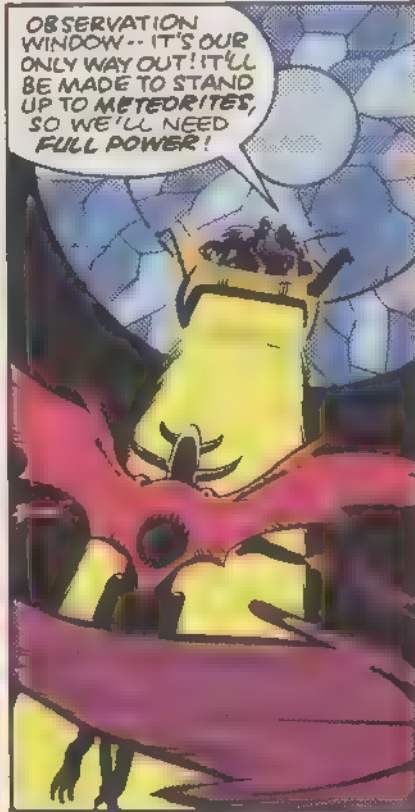
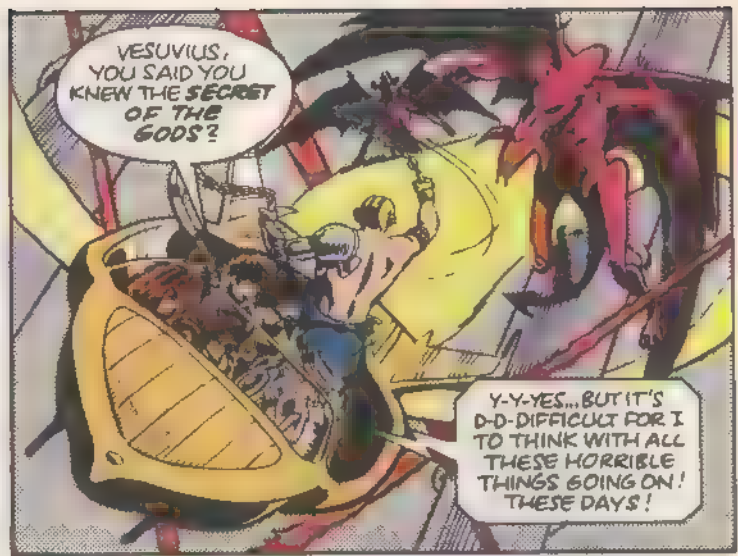
I PRAYED IT
WASN'T TRUE, BUT--
IT'S AS I FEARED! THE
MALEVILUS! MOST
TERRIBLE OF
ALIEN RACES...

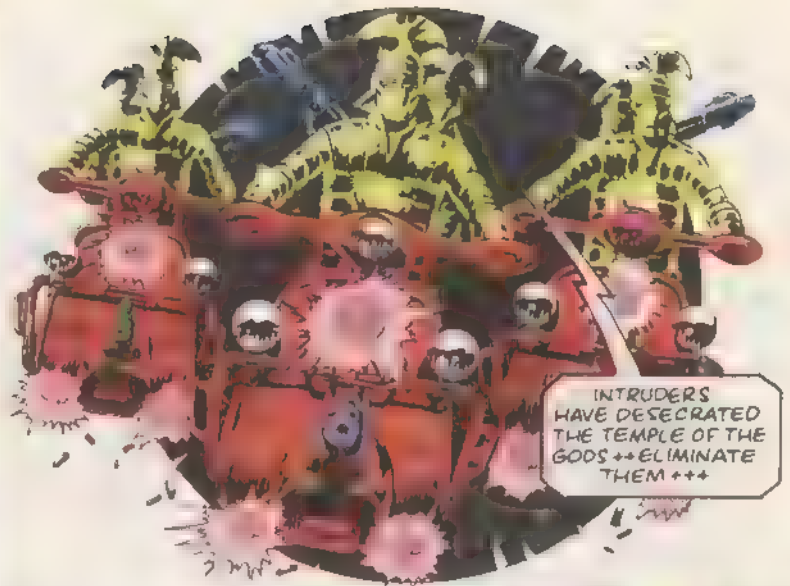
...THEY
ARE THE
GODS OF
THE ROMAN
EMPIRE!











THE METAL-EATING
BACTERIA DEVOUR
THE ROBOTS...



FIFTY PER
CENT CORROSION++
REQUEST ASSIS-
TANCE++ SIXTY PER
CENT CORROSION++
REQUEST ASSIS-
TANCE++ OUT
OF CONTROL++

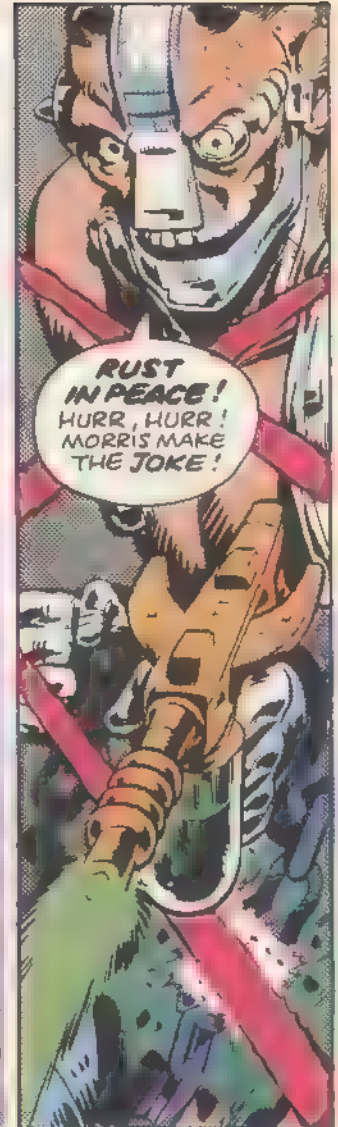
SEVENTY PER
CENT CORROSION
++ REQUEST
ASSISTANCE++



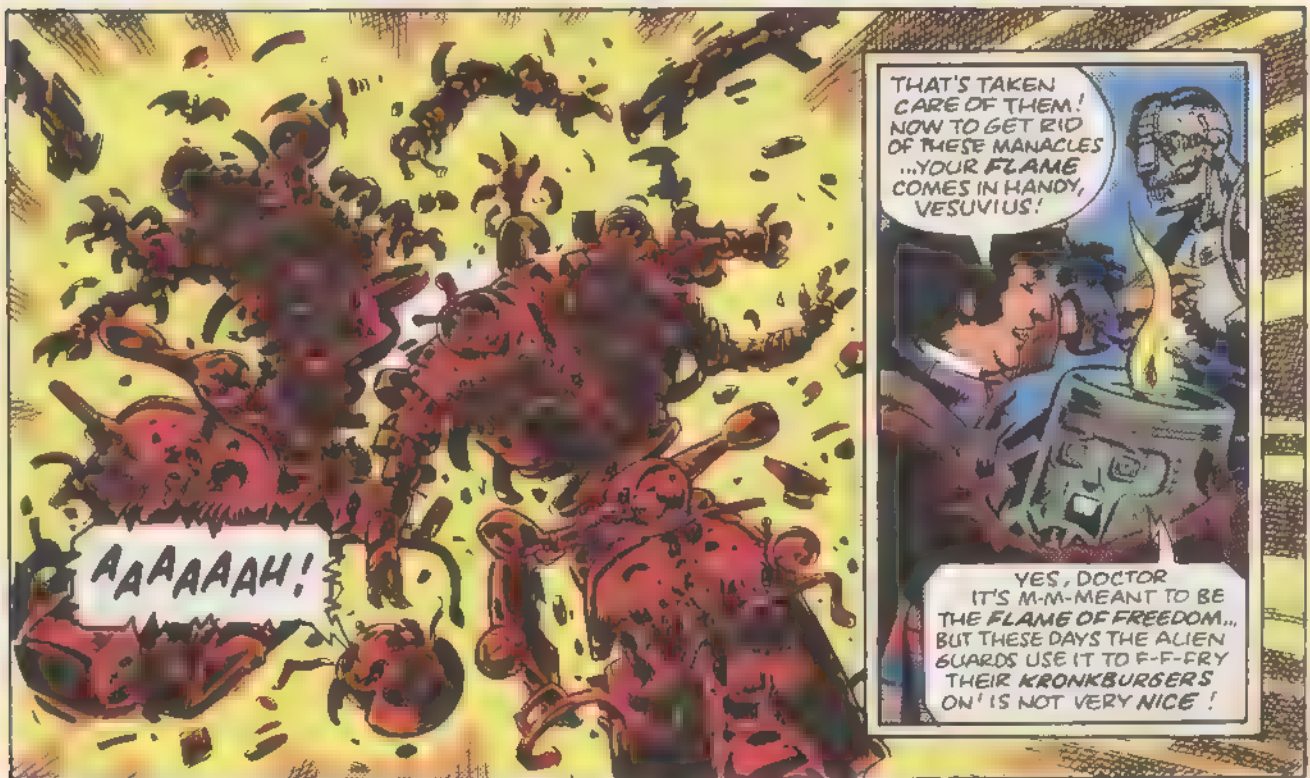
EIGHTY PER
CENT CORROSION
++ CONDITION++
TERMINAL++
+ NO LONGER
REQUEST
AAAAAAH



TWO
LEFT-- AND
THEY'RE CLOSING
FAST, DOC!



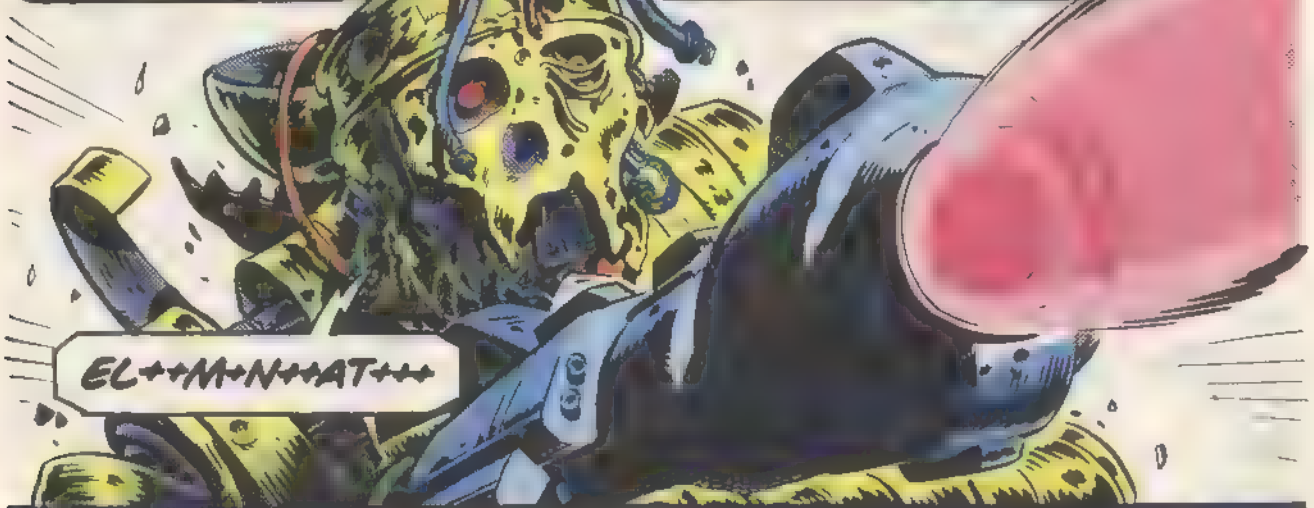
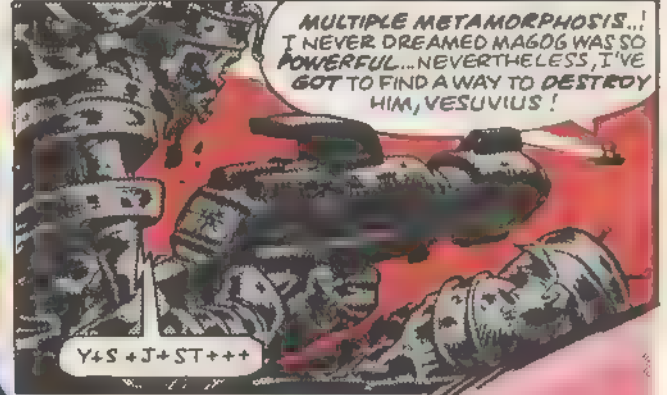
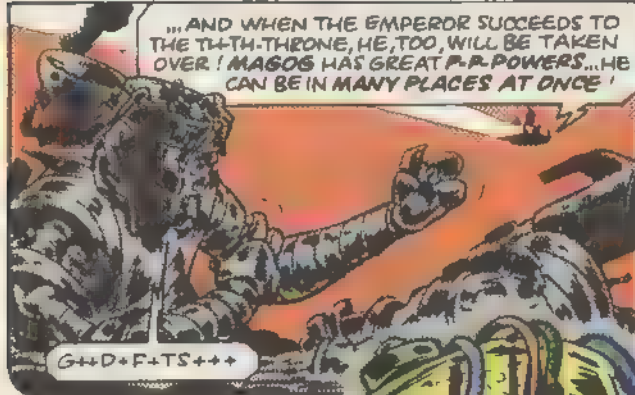
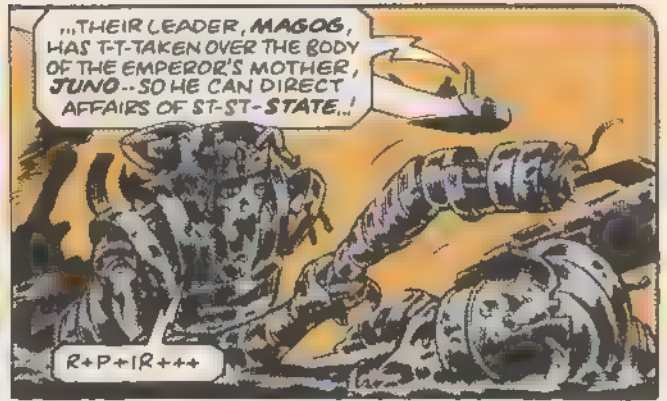
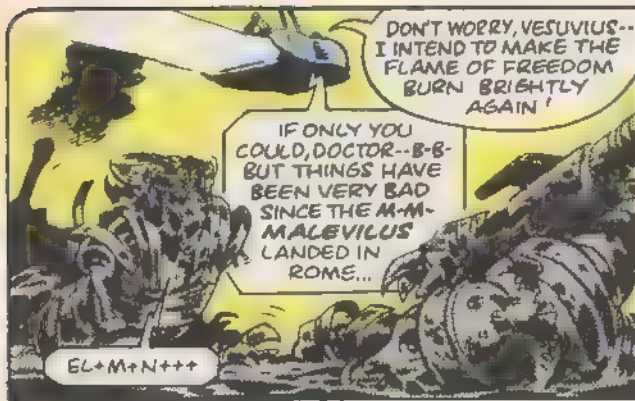
**RUST
IN PEACE!**
HURR, HURR!
MORRIS MAKE
THE JOKE!

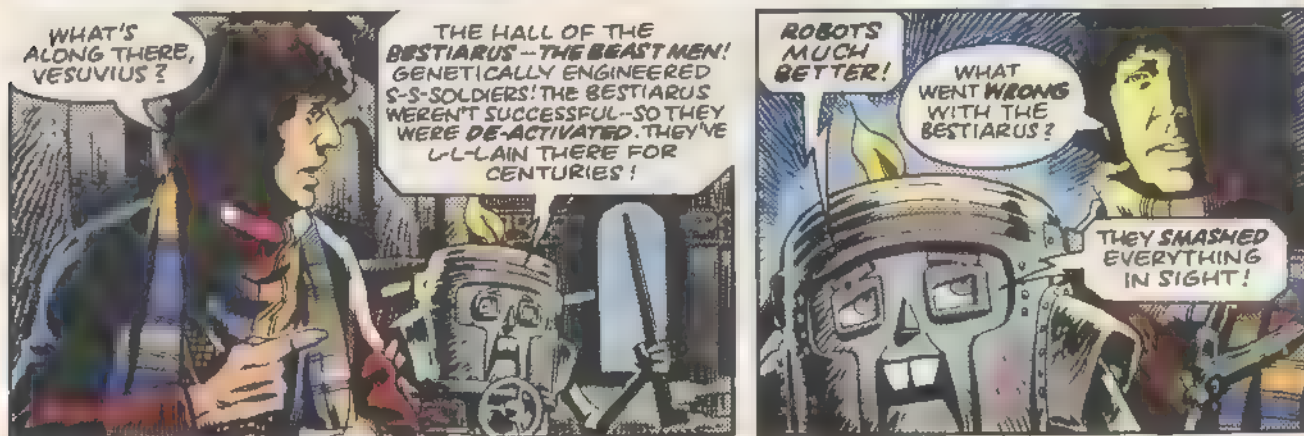


AAAAAAH!

THAT'S TAKEN
CARE OF THEM!
NOW TO GET RID
OF THESE MANACLES
...YOUR FLAME
COMES IN HANDY,
VESUVIUS!

YES, DOCTOR
IT'S M-M-MEANT TO BE
THE FLAME OF FREEDOM...
BUT THESE DAYS THE ALIEN
GUARDS USE IT TO F-F-FRY
THEIR KRONKBURGERS
ON! IS NOT VERY NICE!





THE DOCTOR REPAIRS THE CONTROL CONSOLE AND THEN... AS RAW POWER SURGES THROUGH THE MACHINES...

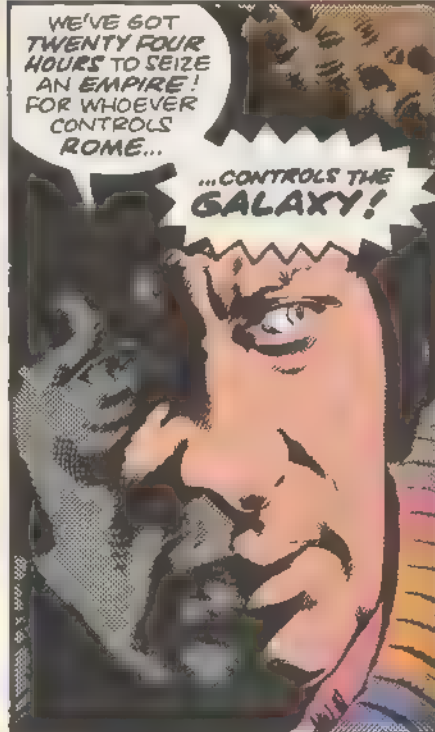


...THE BEAST MEN AWAKE!



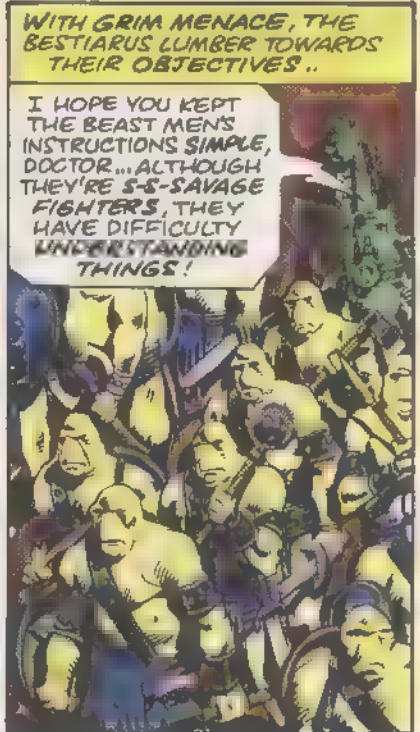
I'VE PROGRAMMED THE BESTIARUS TO FUNCTION FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS... THEY'LL USE THE CHAINMAIL SYSTEM TO STRIKE AT STRATEGIC POINTS THROUGHOUT ROME!

YOU'RE GOING TO START A REVOLUTION... 6-6-60SH!



WE'VE GOT TWENTY FOUR HOURS TO SEIZE AN EMPIRE! FOR WHOEVER CONTROLS ROME...

...CONTROLS THE GALAXY!



WITH GRIM MENACE, THE BESTIARUS LUMBER TOWARDS THEIR OBJECTIVES...

I HOPE YOU KEPT THE BEAST MEN'S INSTRUCTIONS SIMPLE, DOCTOR... ALTHOUGH THEY'RE S-S-SAVAGE FIGHTERS, THEY HAVE DIFFICULTY UNDERSTANDING THINGS!



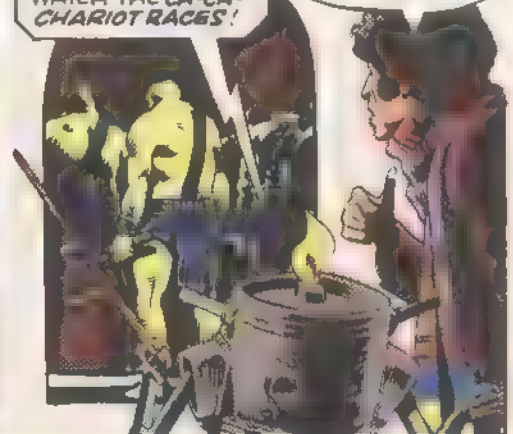
YOU MEAN LIKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DOORS AND WALLS...?

EXACTLY, DOCTOR!

AS THE BEAST MEN DEPART...

BUT WHAT ABOUT GENERAL IRONICUS AND MAGOG...? THEY'LL BE AT THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS THESE DAYS TO WATCH THE CH-CH-CHARIOT RACES!

THEN THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING, VESUVIUS... FOR A FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH MAGOG!



OOOH! THE THOUGHT OF M-M-MAGOS MAKES I GO ALL OF A J-J-JITTER! WOULD YOU MIND CHECKING ME'S OIL LEVEL WITH THIS DIPSTICK, DOCTOR...?

OF COURSE NOT, VESUVIUS!



BZZZ! THAT T-T-TICKLES!



'IX'... THAT'S NOT GOOD! IF ME DOESN'T GET MORE OIL, S-S-SOMETHING VERY UNPLEASANT WILL HAPPEN TO I!



YOU'LL SURVIVE, VESUVIUS... COME ON!

ACCORDING TO THE MAP, THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS IS THIS WAY... OWW! BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU PUT YOUR FLAME!

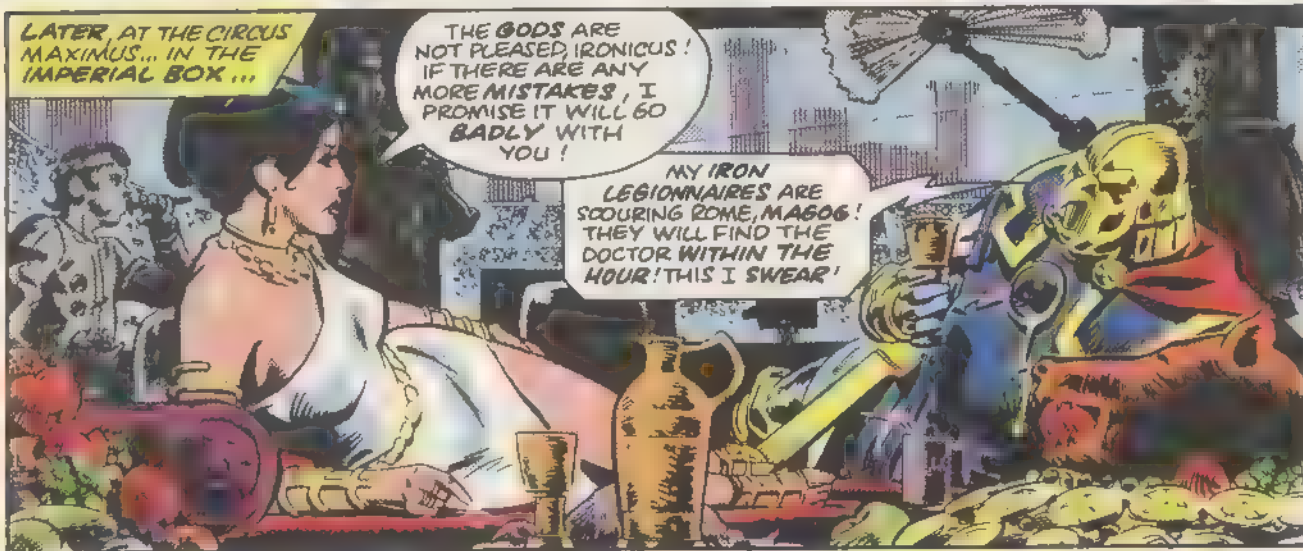


S-S-SORRY, DOCTOR!

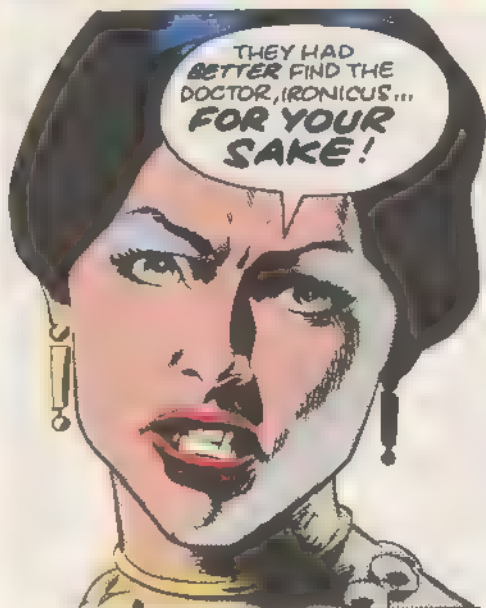
LATER AT THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS... IN THE IMPERIAL BOX...

THE GODS ARE NOT PLEASED, IRONICUS! IF THERE ARE ANY MORE MISTAKES, I PROMISE IT WILL GO BADLY WITH YOU!

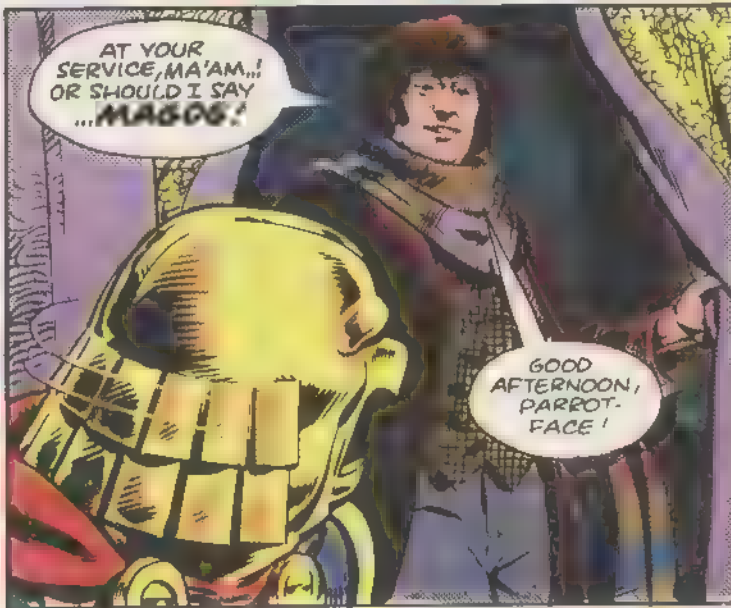
MY IRON LEGIONNAIRES ARE SCOURING ROME, MAGOS! THEY WILL FIND THE DOCTOR WITHIN THE HOUR! THIS I SWEAR!



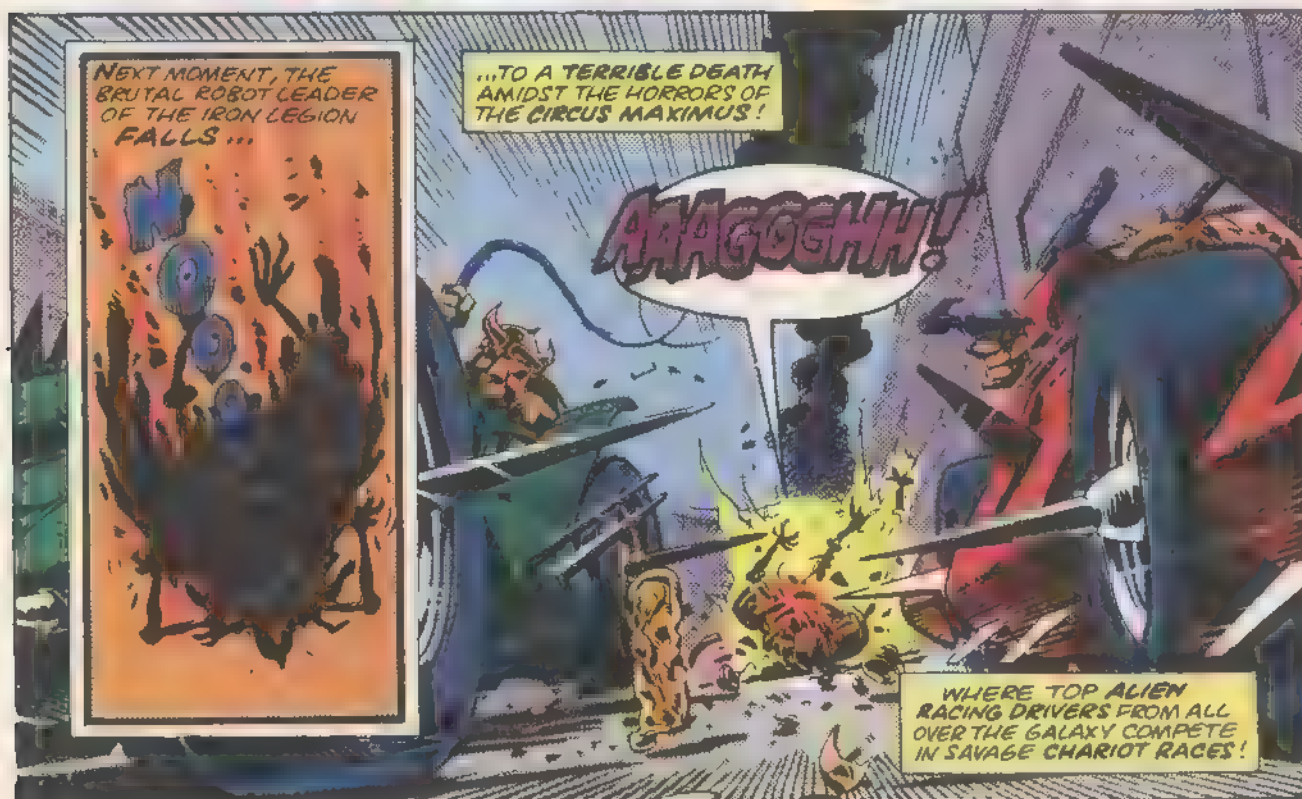
THEY HAD BETTER FIND THE DOCTOR, IRONICUS... FOR YOUR SAKE!

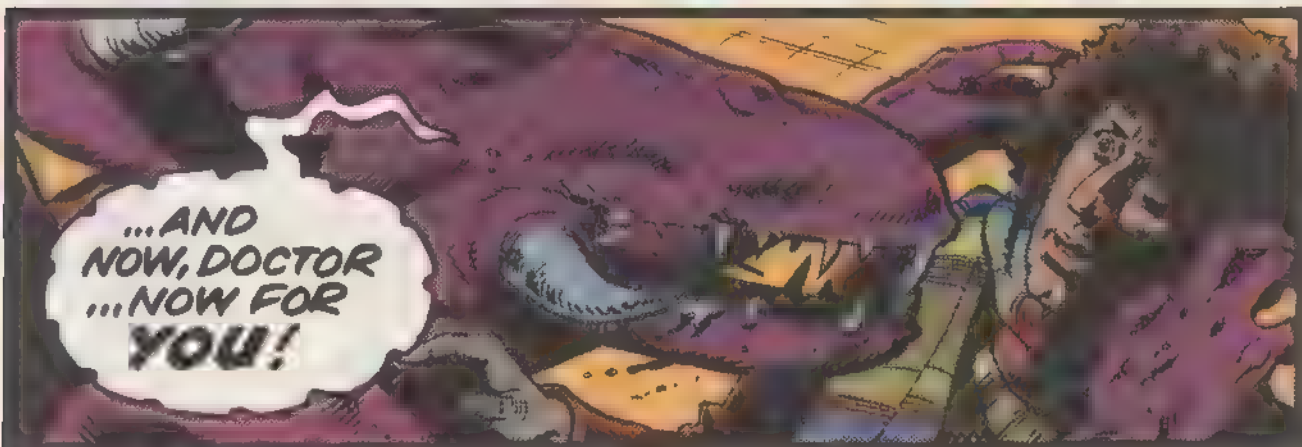
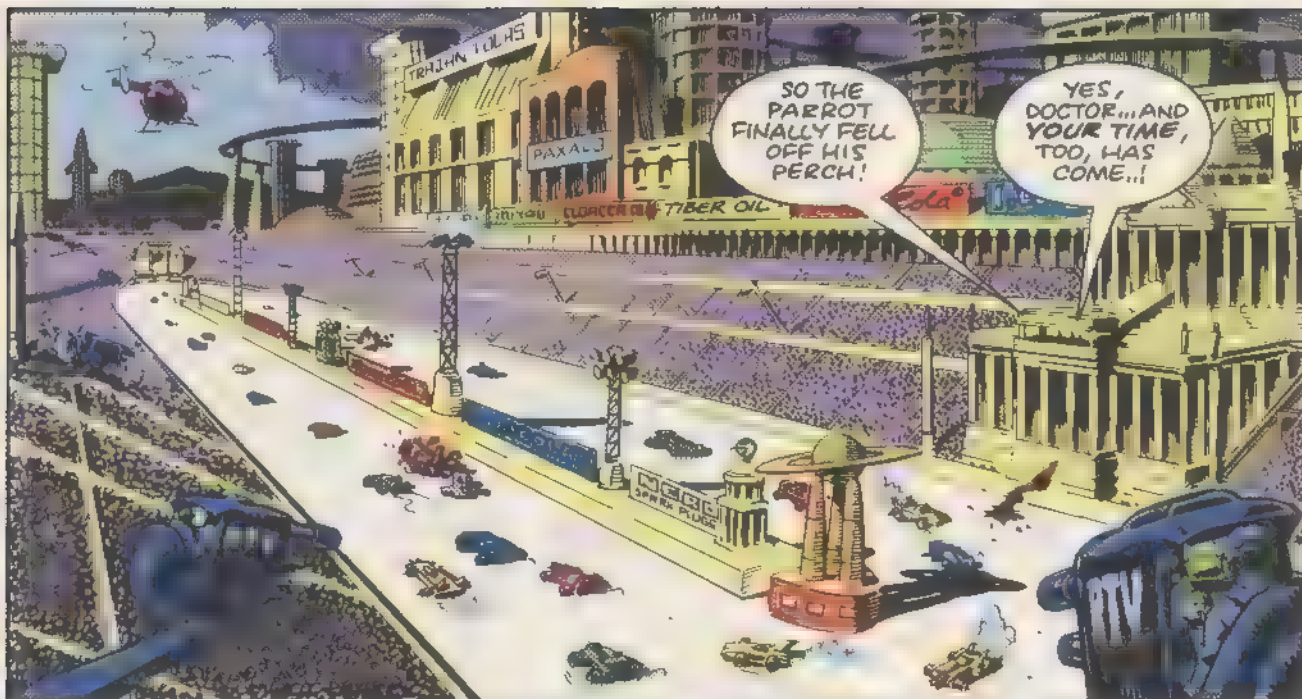


AT YOUR SERVICE, MA'AM... OR SHOULD I SAY... MAGOS!

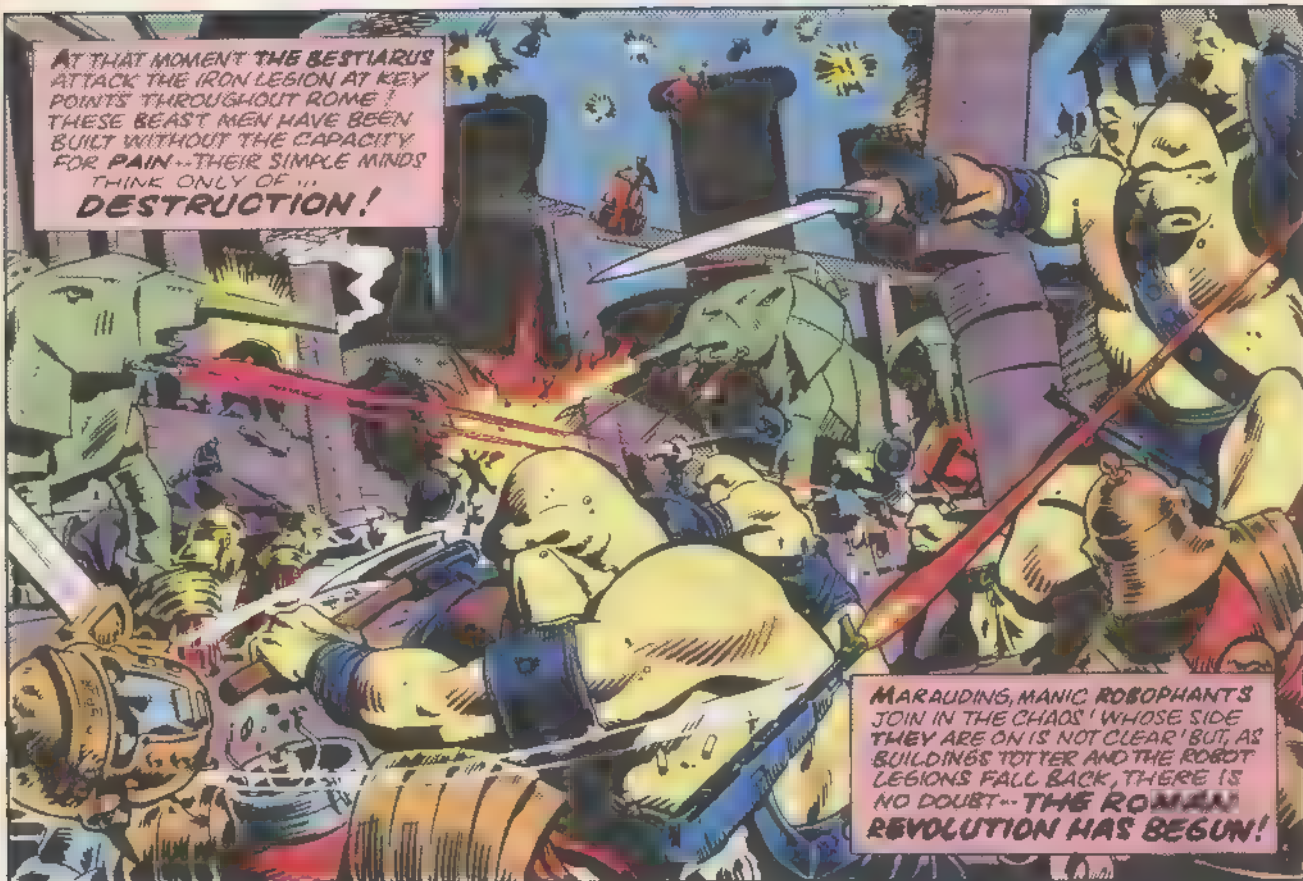


GOOD AFTERNOON, PARROT-FACE!





AT THAT MOMENT THE BESTIARUS
ATTACK THE IRON LESION AT KEY
POINTS THROUGHOUT ROME!
THESE BEAST MEN HAVE BEEN
BUILT WITHOUT THE CAPACITY
FOR PAIN...THEIR SIMPLE MINDS
THINK ONLY OF...
DESTRUCTION!



MARAUDING, MANIC ROBOPHANTS
JOIN IN THE CHAOS! WHOSE SIDE
THEY ARE ON IS NOT CLEAR! BUT, AS
BUILDINGS TOTTER AND THE ROBOT
LEGIONS FALL BACK, THERE IS
NO DOUBT...**THE ROMAN
REVOLUTION HAS BEGUN!**

AND, IN THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS...

I AM MAGOG! LEADER OF
THE MALEVILUS! THE POWER
OF THE FIVE OF THE
PENTANGLE RUNS THROUGH
ME! HOW CAN YOU HOPE TO
MATCH ME, DOCTOR, WHEN
I CAN BE IN A
HUNDRED PLACES
AT ONCE?

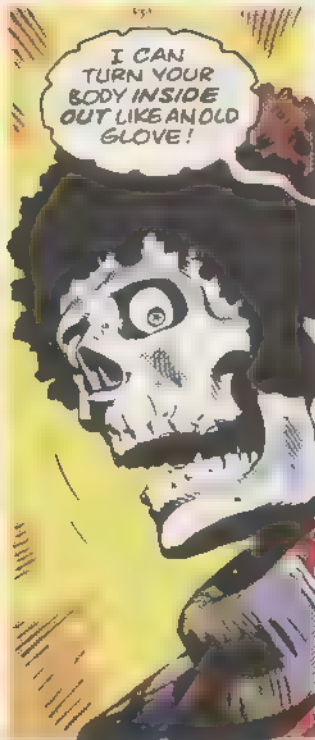
AN
INTERESTING
PARTY TRICK,
MAGOG! DO YOU
DO IT WITH
MIRRORS?



YOU WERE
A FOOL TO COME
HERE, DOCTOR! I
CAN MAKE EVERY
FIBRE OF YOUR BEING
FEEL THE MOST
TERRIBLE
PAIN!



I CAN
TURN YOUR
BODY INSIDE
OUT LIKE AN OLD
GLOVE!



STRETCH
YOU ON A
MENTAL RACK
...MORE CRUEL
THAN ANY
TORTURER'S
DEVICE!



THAT...
TV CAMERA...
ONLY...
HOPE...!



YOU... YOU MAY KILL ME
--BUT YOU'RE FINISHED,
TOO, MAGOG! EVEN NOW,
THE IRON LEGION IS
UNDER ATTACK... AND
SOON, THE MOB
WILL BE COMING
FOR YOU!



AN EMPTY THREAT,
DOCTOR! DEATH CANNOT
DESTROY ME! I AM
DEATH! THE SCUM I RULE
OVER WILL HEED ME
...OR FACE MY WRATH!

DESPITE THE TERRIBLE
STRAIN, THE DOCTOR
MANAGES TO SWING
THE CAMERA...

YOU HEAR HIM,
CITIZENS OF ROME...!
NOW--LOOK ON HIM!
LOOK ON
YOUR GOD!



LOOK AT
THE FACE OF
EVIL! THE 'THING'
YOU WORSHIP! THE CREATURE
WHO HAS DRAINED ALL
THE GOODNESS FROM ROME
AND, WITH THE IRON
LEGIONS, TURNED AN
EMPIRE INTO AN
ABOMINATION!

EEEEK!



RISE UP, CITIZENS OF ROME!
ORGANIC TROOPS ARE ALREADY
OVERPOWERING THE ROBOTS! NOW
IS YOUR CHANCE TO CONTROL
YOUR DESTINY! THE COHORTS OF
THE LEGION WHO WILL NOT LAY
DOWN THEIR WEAPONS MUST
BE DE-ACTIVATED!

AYE!
HE SPEAKS
THE TRUTH!
WE ARE FREE
MEN... NOT
SLAVES!

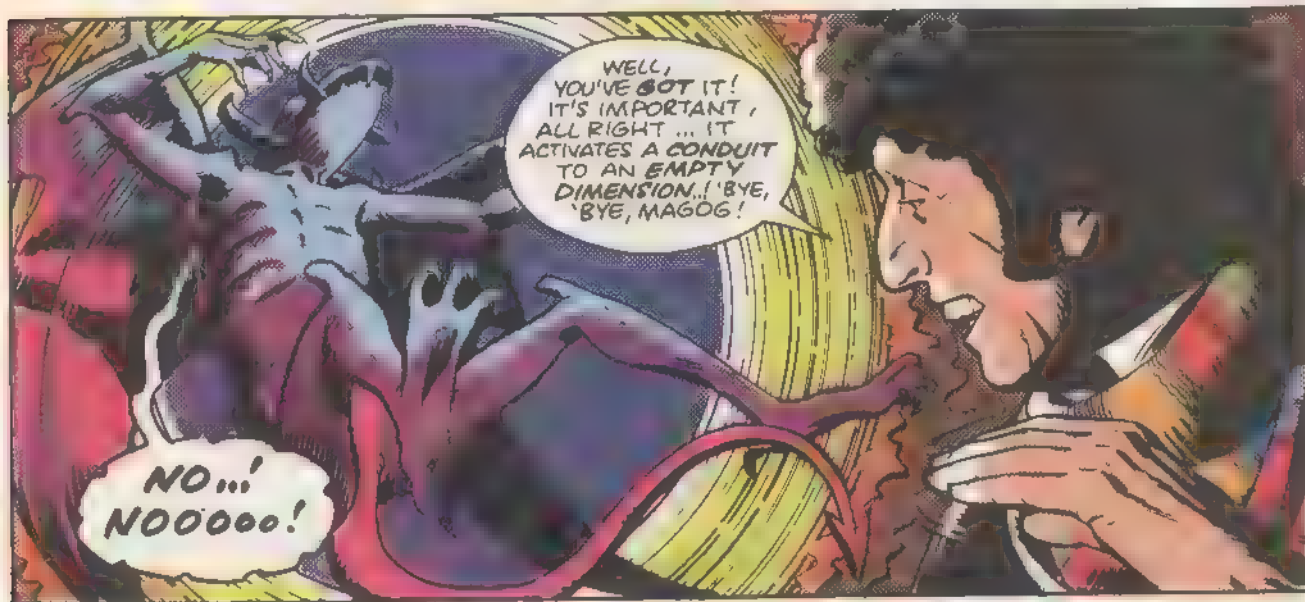
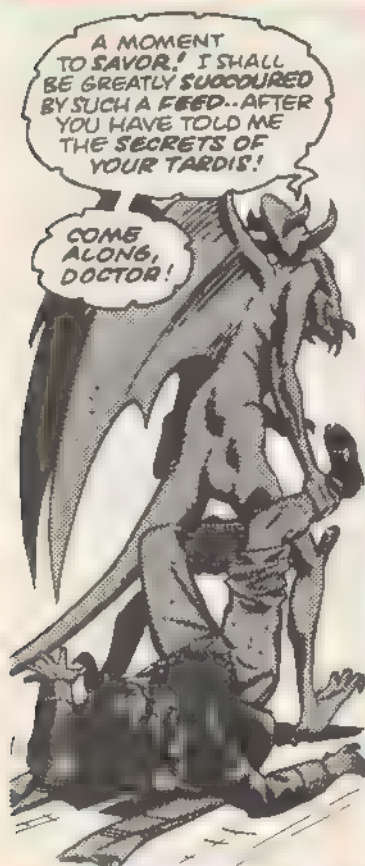
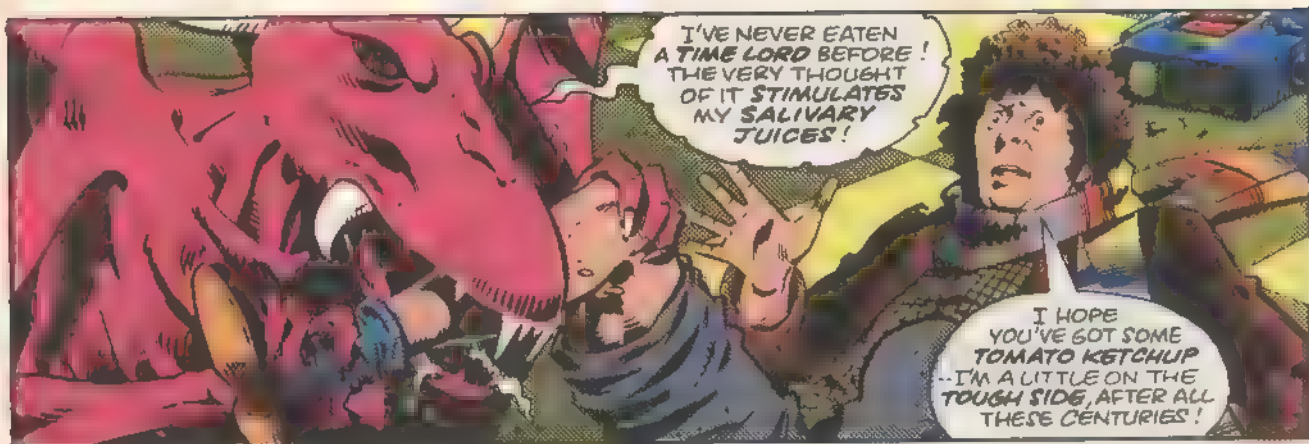


DOWN
WITH THE IRON
LEGION!



THAT MIND-
LESS RABBLE!
I WILL REGAIN
CONTROL OF
THEM... ONCE
I HAVE DEALT
WITH YOU,
DOCTOR!





YOU CAN'T
DIE--BUT YOU CAN
BE CAGED! UNTIL THE
END OF ETERNITY, YOU'LL
RULE A KINGDOM
BEYOND ALL KINGDOMS,
MAGOG! FOR NOW, YOU'RE
THE EMPEROR OF THE
EMPTY DIMENSION!
LORD OF NOTHING!
**KING OF THE
BIG ZERO!**

**MAGOG...
WILL...
RETURN!**

GOOD JOB!
EVERY TARDIS
CARRIES A
SPARE DIMENSION
AS STANDARD
EQUIPMENT!

MEANWHILE, THE MALEVILUS'
SPACE-SHIP IS BESIEGED BY
THOUSANDS OF BEAST-MEN!

**ACTIVATE!
ACTIVATE!**

SYSTEMS
NOT RESPONDING, BROTHER
BABYLON! BROTHER MAGOG
HAS DRAINED ALL THE
POWER! TRY AUXILIARY!

FOR A MOMENT,
THE ALIEN SHIP
LIFTS INTO THE
AIR ...

THEN, WITH A GROAN
OF DYING ENGINES,
CRASHES INTO THE GROUND
-- **EXPLODING IN
FLAMES!**

**AND--THE TERROR OF THE
MALEVILUS IS FINALLY OVER!**

SOME TIME LATER...

OH, DEARIE I!
ROME IS FREE,
THANKS TO YOU,
D-D-DOCTOR! ME
IS SO HAPPY--
ME COULD
ERUPT!

IT WAS
YOUR DOING,
TOO, VESUVIUS!
THAT'S WHY THE
CITIZENS MADE
YOU THEIR NEW
EMPEROR!

OH, YES! OH,
G-G-GOSH! SO MANY
IMPORTANT DECISIONS
FOR I TO MAKE
THESE DAYS! LIKE
WHAT TO DO WITH
THE LAST EMPEROR,
LITTLE ADOLPHUS!

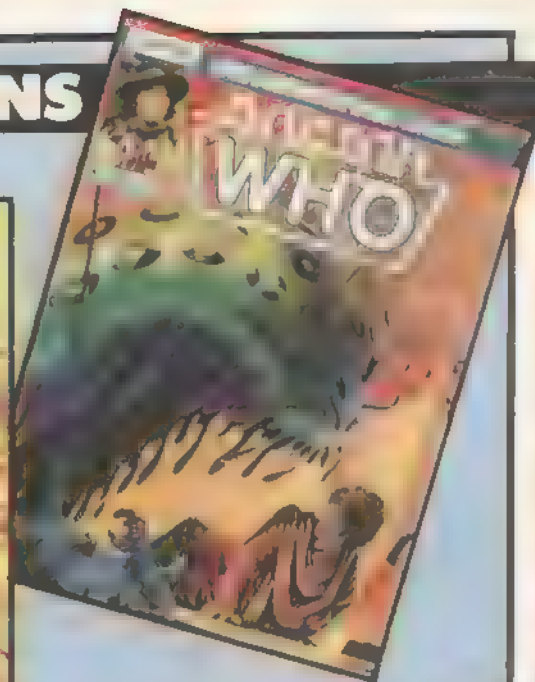
THIS ADDRESS
MIGHT BE USEFUL, CAESAR
... IT'S A BOARDING SCHOOL
ON THE ICE-PLANET CRYOS
FOUR, IN A REMOTE CORNER
OF THE GALAXY! RUN BY
AN ORDER OF LUKRONIAN
WORKS--VERY STRICT ON
DISCIPLINE, I BELIEVE!

AN EXCELLENT
IDEA, DOCTOR!
ME WILL WR-WR-
WRITE TO THEM
IMMEDIATELY!

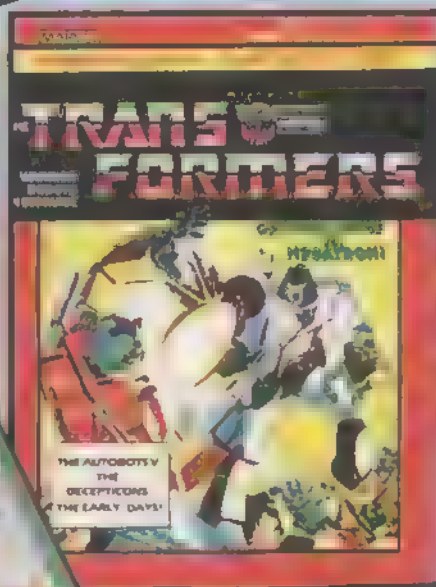
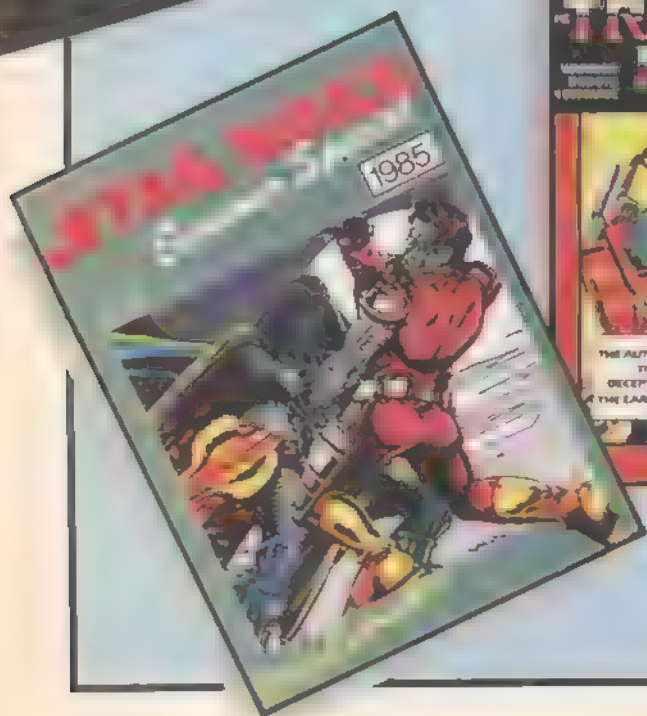
WELL, GOOD
LUCK, CAESAR! I'M OFF
FOR A QUIET HOLIDAY,
SOMEWHERE PEACEFUL!
CHAP I MET SUGGESTED
BENIDORM...! SUN, SEA,
SAND--AND A LITTLE
BIT OF OLE!

THE END

DE LUXE FULL COLOUR EDITIONS



**MAKE THIS SUMMER SPECIAL
WITH MARVEL**



**ON SALE
END OF
JUNE**

H-Q's FINEST HOUR



WRITER: STEVE MOORE / ARTIST: PAUL NEARY / COLOUR: YANCHUS



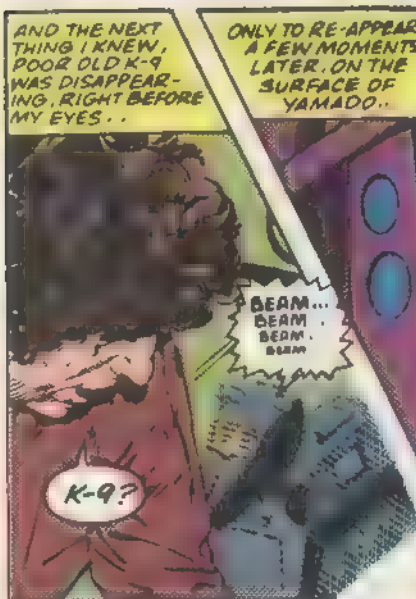
SOME OF YOU HAVE BEEN WONDERING WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY LITTLE FRIEND, K-9 ... SO HERE, JUST FOR YOU ...



IT ALL BEGAN WHEN WE WERE TRAVELLING THROUGH THE CRAB NEBULA ... NOT FAR FROM THE PLANET YAMADO ...

HELLO? WHAT'S THIS? SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO GIVE US A BIT OF A SHAKING UP!

MASTER! A GRAVITADNIC TRACTOR BEAM!



AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW, POOR OLD K-9 WAS DISAPPEARING, RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES ...

ONLY TO RE-APPEAR A FEW MOMENTS LATER, ON THE SURFACE OF YAMADO ...

BEAM...
BEAM...
BEAM...

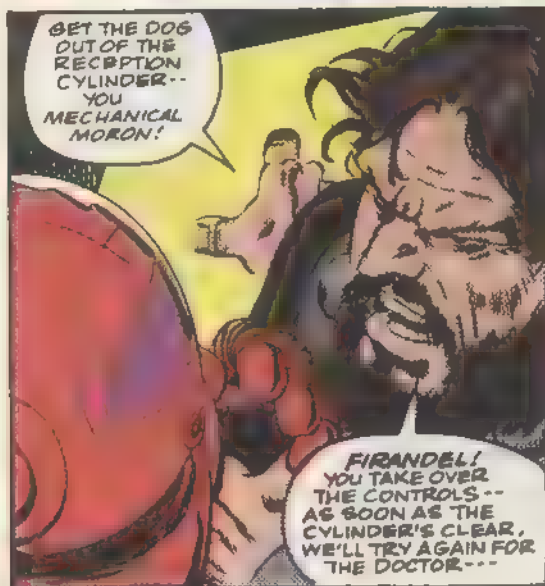
K-9?



YOU MINDLESS IDIOT MACHINES! I WANTED THE DOCTOR ... NOT HIS DOG!

CAN'T YOU EVEN CALIBRATE A TRACTOR-BEAM PROPERLY?

MASTER?



GET THE DOG OUT OF THE RECEPTION CYLINDER-- YOU MECHANICAL MORON!

FIRANDEL! YOU TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS-- AS SOON AS THE CYLINDER'S CLEAR, WE'LL TRY AGAIN FOR THE DOCTOR---



BUT

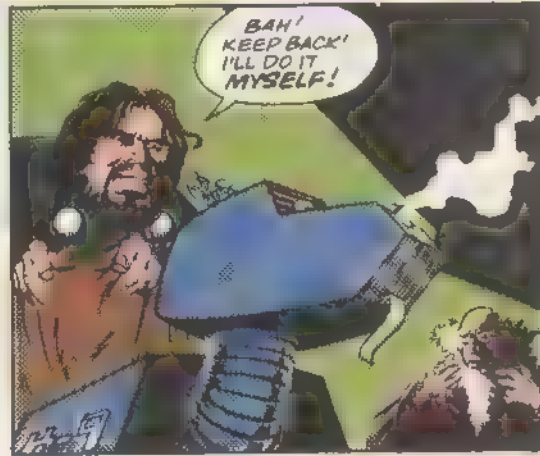
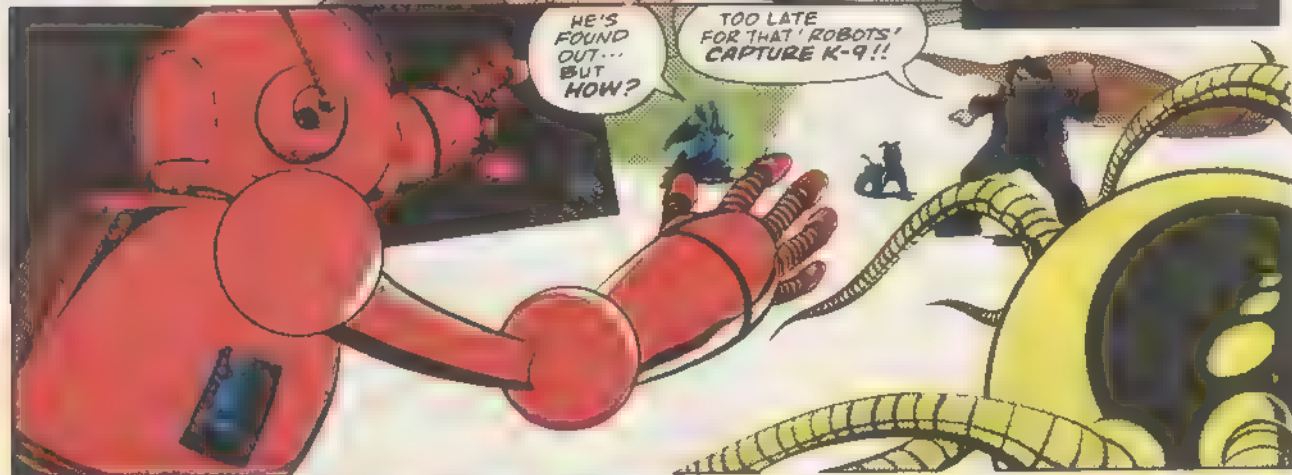
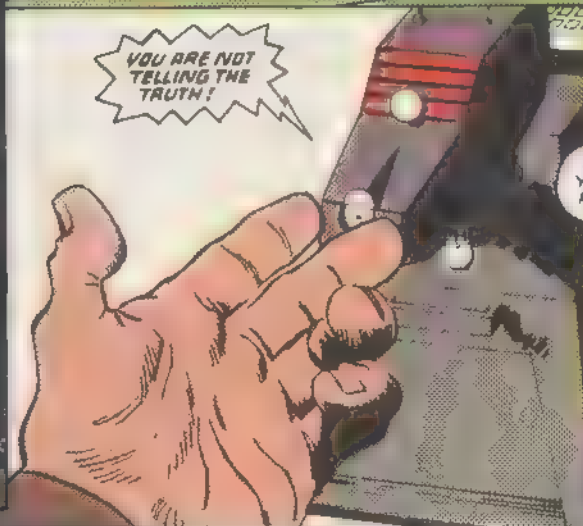
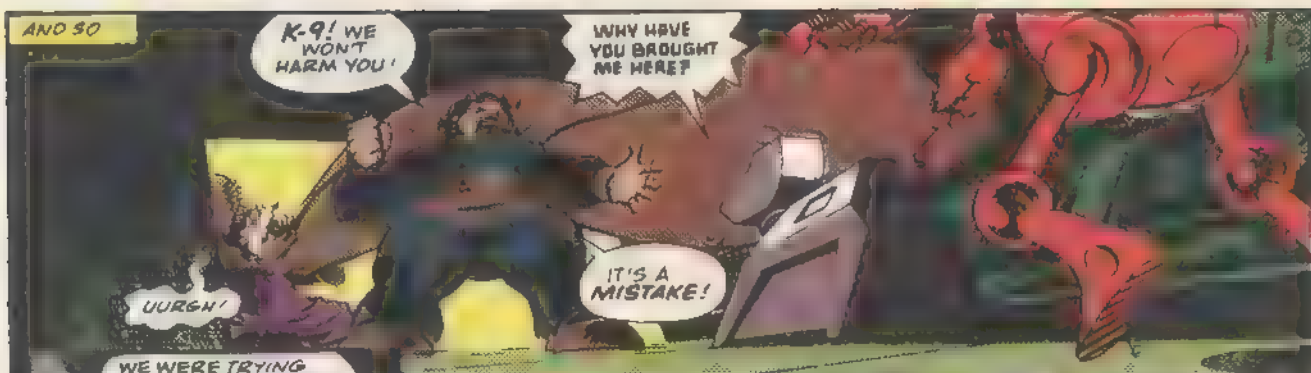
TOO LATE, ROLGOF-- THE TARDIS HAS ALREADY MOVED OUT OF RANGE!

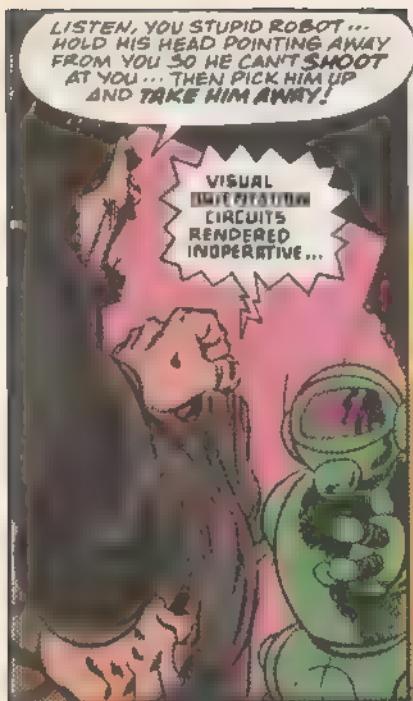
BY ALL THE DEMONS OF-- I DOESN'T ANYTHING EVER GO RIGHT? THE SONTARANS WON'T PAY IF WE--



CALM YOURSELF, ROLGOF-- IF WE HAVE K-9, THE TIME-LORD WILL RETURN IN SEARCH OF HIM-- AND WE CAN BE READY FOR HIM! BUT WE MUST BE VERY CAREFUL---

REMEMBER, ROLGOF-- BEWARE OF THE DOG!



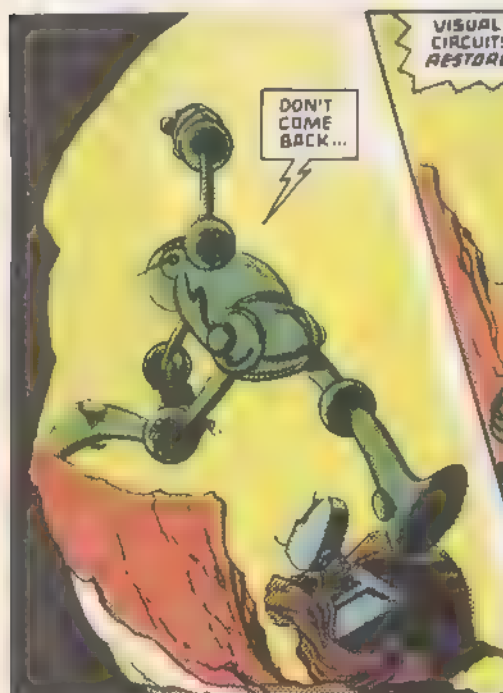


ANYWHERE!
YOU TIN IDIOT!
AS FAR AWAY AS
POSSIBLE!

AND SO...

OUT OF
BUILDING..

JUST GET OUT
OF THE BUILDING
AND START WALKING
IN A STRAIGHT LINE
... AND DON'T
COME BACK!!



VISUAL
CIRCUITS
RESTORED...

PICK YOU
UP...TAKE
YOU
AWAY..

NOT COME
BACK
EVER!!
SZKAIKKE

MUST GET BACK
... ESTIMATE
ONLY FOUR
MINUTES
BEFORE
MASTER
ARRIVES!



SENSORS INDICATE OPEN SPACE BEHIND WALL ... ANALYSIS VENTILATION DUCT...

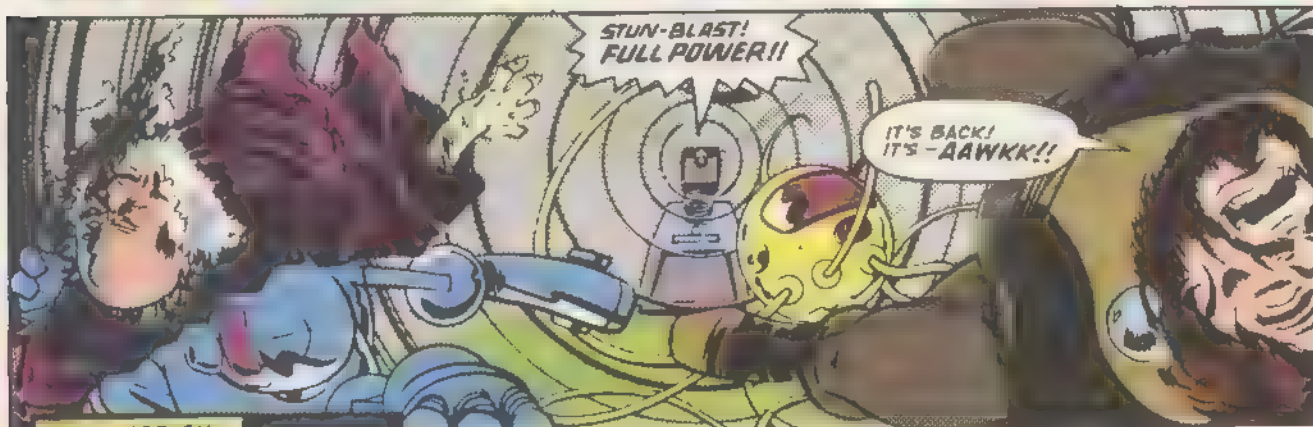
BURN-THROUGH TIME, FIFTY EIGHT POINT TWO SECONDS!

AND WITHIN...

BE READY, YOU TIN IDIOTS! THE TIME-LORD'LL BE HERE ANY MOMENT. LOOKING FOR K-9...

AND BEFORE HE CAN MOVE, WE'LL BLAST HIM INTO SOMETHING UNRECOGNIZABLE!!

KER-ASH!!



STUN-BLAST! FULL POWER!!

IT'S BACK! IT'S -AAWKK!!

AND JUST THEN...



HELLO, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

MASTER?

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, K-9?

THEY WERE GOING TO KILL YOU, MASTER!

REALLY? AND HOWEVER DID YOU FIND THAT OUT, K-9?

THERE WAS NO AIR IN THE TRANSPORTATION CYLINDER WHEN I ARRIVED, MASTER! IF YOU HAD ARRIVED INSTEAD OF ME ... SUFFOCATION!

GOOD HEAVENS! THAT'S POSITIVELY WICKED, ISN'T IT, K-9? I THINK WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!



YES, MASTER! ROLGOF WILL NOT BE PLEASED TO KNOW HE HAS BEEN DEFEATED BY A ROBOT!

LET ALONE A ROBOT-DOG!

BONUS PIN-UP

DAUROS AND THE DALEKS!



Cockrum
&
RUBINSTEIN

PAT MILLS

Pat Mills was born in 1949, and started his writing career in a romantic vein for *Romeo*, a teenage paper published by DC Thompson. From there he went freelance and eventually settled with IPC, for whom he helped create *Battle*, which featured "Charley's War", the only anti-war story in contemporary popular British comic strips, and *2000 AD*, on which he was the first editor. He also wrote "Dan Dare" for *Eagle* and helped establish the ill-fated *Action*.

Mills is currently writing "Nemesis the Warlock" and "Slaine the Barbarian" for *2000 AD*, "Grange Hill" for *BEEB*, and a graphic novel, *Metalzoic*, - a robotic 'fantasia' set 1,000,000 years in the future - for DC Comics.



DAVE GIBBONS

Also born in 1949, Dave Gibbons began his long involvement in comic art by contributing to fanzines in the sixties and seventies, and then moving onto the British underground comic books of the early seventies, including *Cosmic Comics*, *Rock & Roll Madness* and *Trials of Nasty Tales*.

In 1973 he became a full-time professional working for IPC, lettering joke pages and ghosting for other artists. He then moved onto DC Thompson, where he tried his hand at an assortment of adventure and science fiction strips for *Hotspur* and *Wizard*.

In the late seventies Gibbons returned to IPC to draw "Harlem Heroes", "Rogue Trooper", the occasional "Judge Dredd" and "ABC Warriors", and the new look "Dan Dare" for *2000 AD*. Then came "Doctor Who" for Marvel UK in 1979, which he drew for the next four years, before turning his gaze and talents toward the US. For DC Comics he has drawn *The Creeper*, *Green Lantern*, and the occasional Superman and Batman story.



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In October 1976, a legend was born.

**It's 1985, and the
legend has come full circle.**



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FOR YOU!!**

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flying again at a newsagent near you

NOW!

*the
leisure
hive*



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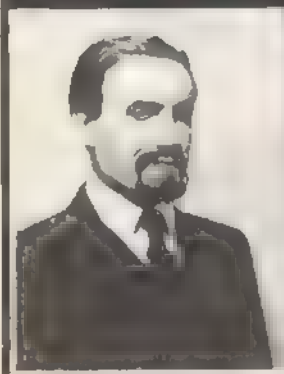
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**HAIL
CAESAR!**

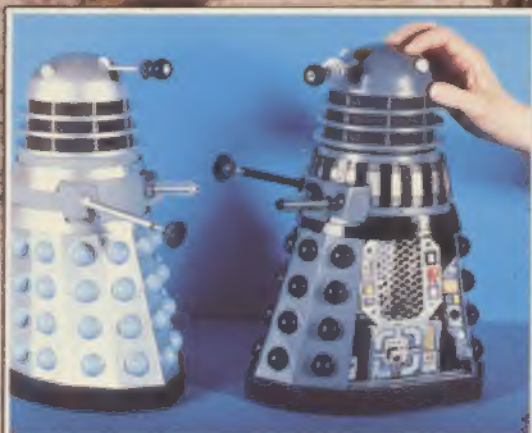
**HAIL
CAESAR!**

OH,
YOU'RE TOO
KIND... BUT I'M
JUST-- THE
DOCTOR!

TIMELORD -- BEWARE



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